

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



*Dramatic
Number*

PROPERTY OF
THE MICHIGAN UNION
NOT TO BE TAKEN OUT OF THIS ROOM

\$985

Overland
1913

A few of the
big features

Self Starter

30 Horsepower

5-Passenger Touring Car

Center Control

110-inch Wheel Base

Timken Bearings

Prestolite Tank

Remy Magneto

Warner Speedometer

Mohair Top and Boot

Tires 32 x 3½ Q. D.

Clear Vision Wind Shield

*All Bright Parts Nickel-
Plated*

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Completely Equipped

Overland
1913

An extraordinary demand followed the announcement of this extraordinary value

WE predicted an avalanche of orders. We knew the minute this model was offered it would sweep the country. We knew nothing on earth could stop the demand for it. All we had to do was to acquaint the public with the facts. During the last sixty days we have shipped seventy-five hundred of these 1913 cars and still we are way behind our immediate shipping orders. This extraordinary pressure just naturally followed the announcement of this extraordinary value.

¶ Any one article that continues, from year to year, to beat, baffle and dominate, other similar articles, must be the acknowledged leader. This is an established fact in commercial circles. That which is best must lead. The Overland is today the most prominent automobile, of its type, produced.

¶ Automobile values must be looked at from several different angles. You must consider not only the price, *but what that price buys you*. You must take into consideration the power, the strength, the beauty, the construction, the size, the appearance and the equipment of the car. You must judge a car by the material in it; the workmanship in it; the methods employed to produce it; and, last but not least, the facilities behind the production methods. Couple these facts with the price tag and you get the value.

¶ Examine each of these fundamentals in this Overland at \$985 and you find a car

that is identical with the average \$1200 car. Go further and you find high grade construction and painstaking care in finish that equal the production methods employed in the making of any \$5000 car you know of.

¶ This car has the power of a \$1200 car; it has the strength of a \$1200 car; it has the size of a \$1200 car; it has the seating capacity of a \$1200 car; it has the wheel base of a \$1200 car; it has the chassis construction of a \$1200 car; it has the comfort of a \$1200 car; it has the beauty and finish of a \$1200 car.

¶ Take the equipment item alone. It has a Warner speedometer—the best made; it has a fine mohair top and boot; it has a clear vision wind shield; it has a self starter and a Prestolite tank—every practical accessory made for an automobile. And all for the one price—\$985. There are no "extras."

¶ Then there are those important construction features which are only found on the very high priced cars. This model has a drop forged I beam section front axle, fitted with the famous Timken bearings; a three-quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings; a selective transmission with three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings and a cold rolled pressed steel frame. It has the center control. The brakes are unusually large for a car of this size and power, and are ample for cars

of much greater weight. There are two powerful sets of the drum type—internal expanding and external contracting. The great braking surface of these is indicated by their dimensions, 13 inches by $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches each. Compare the braking systems on the \$1500 cars—they are not one bit more efficient. The springs are semi-elliptic front, three-quarter elliptic rear. Each spring has six leaves. Tires are $32 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ Q. D.

¶ This model is superbly finished. The striking body is in dark Overland blue. Battleship gray wheels harmonize perfectly with the rich dark body which is trimmed in black and nickel plate.

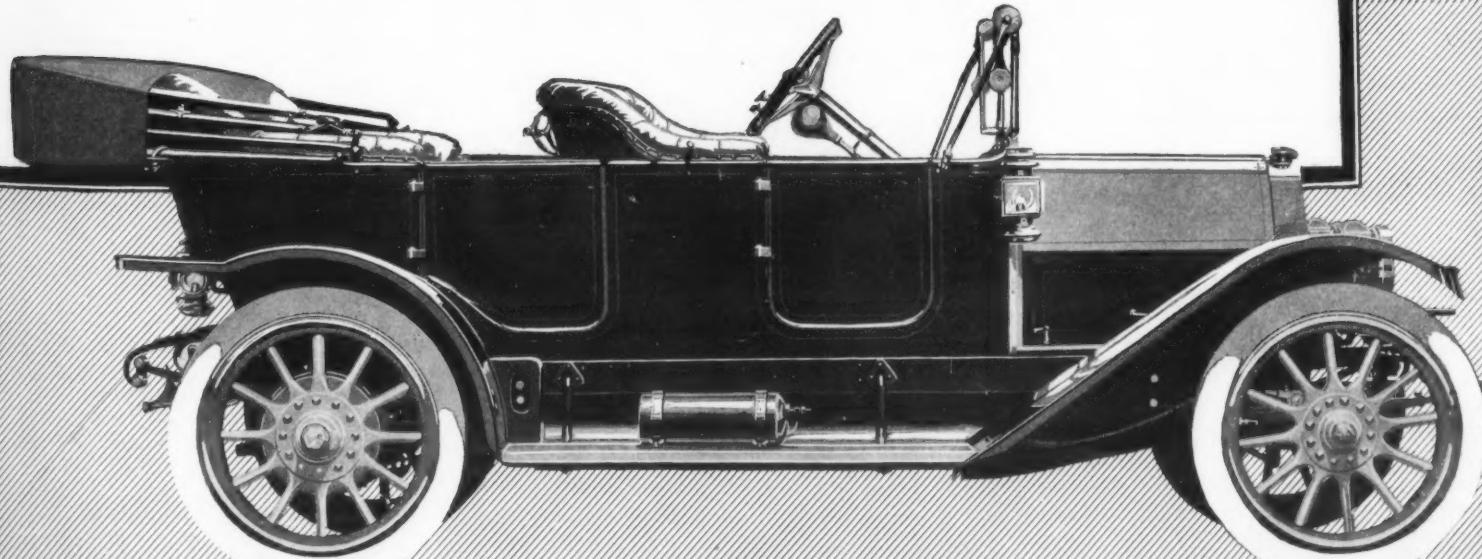
¶ We want to put it up to you squarely. We want to submit to your own judgment the following simple inquiry: Why pay more than our price, for a car of this size, strength and power? When cars that are selling for \$1200 give you no more practical value; give you no more power; no more comfort; no more ease; no more strength; no better looking car, why in the name of reason and economy should you pay the additional money?

¶ There are over 2000 Overland dealers. Look up the one in your town and see this Model 69 at once.

¶ Step lively for an early delivery.

¶ Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 6.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



FREE A GREAT NEW MUSICAL WORK

ALL MANDOLIN AND GUITARDOM of Three Continents is set agog by the "GIBSON" Violin construction of Mandolin and Guitar.



Get a "Gibson" on approval at \$1.00 down and \$1.50 a month. Costs you nothing to investigate. Besides, you want our free sample book of 100 pages—90 cuts—and subject matter on instrument construction, instrumentation, orchestra, great American and European Artists and Orchestras; a terse compilation of virile truth. For the player and teacher of strings.

Also FREE Treatise, "HOW TO PRACTICE, WHEN AND HOW, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED." The greatest lecture in three decades on this specific subject. Write today. If a teacher, do business on our capital. Stock furnished. We help sell. We pay the advertising. Pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt" Catalog and thematic list free. Enclose your card. OPEN:—A splendid, permanent teaching and business opportunity to the right teacher. Either sex. Write promptly. Other positions pending.

GIBSON MANDOLIN GUITAR CO.
526 Harrison Court, Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

This Advertisement

will appear in many leading magazines. More than a million men will read it and many thousands will respond at once.

If you are interested write for our new catalog No. 115 of men's high grade furnishings in colors. Ready November 1st.

A work of art. The most beautiful catalog of men's wear ever published. Every article shown in colors.

Neck wear, gloves, hosiery, shirts, reefers, mufflers and handkerchiefs. An absolutely matchless selection—all in colors—newest styles—newest effects—at prices that must prove a revelation to the purchaser.

Any article ordered that does not prove more than satisfactory may be returned and the money will be refunded at once.

No. 115—These beautiful four-in-hand scarfs, made from excellent quality silk in plain and fancy effects. In every conceivable color and combination of colors. Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada for 50c. Add 5c to your remittance for insurance.

 Newcomb-Endicott Company
Detroit, Mich.

Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment

It is the Globe-Wernicke idea to sell you filing cabinets, unit by unit, as your business grows. Such a system is elastic, inexpensive, and follows the pace of a business without waste of space or hasty crowding. Consult our agent in your locality or

Write for Catalog C 810.
The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

SUCCESS SHORTHAND

The best system for beginners; a post-graduate course for stenographers. Highest world's records for speed and accuracy and a greater number of court reporters than any other system in the world. Write for FREE catalog.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
W. L. James, Chief Instructor
Dept. 710, Schiller Building Chicago, Illinois

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 94

"The bluest blooded royalty in Europe is proud to wear on its coat-of-arms this motto: 'Ich Dien,' which, translated into plain everyday English, means 'I serve.'"

REAL service—in the form of reliable goods, courteous treatment of customers, and absolute honesty and fair dealing—is the spirit behind present day advertising. Without these qualities advertising cannot be successful.

Service plus advertising is the reason for the success of the Steinway Piano Co., Eastman Kodak Co., Ivory Soap, National Biscuit Co. and the many other well known manufacturers whose announcements are before the public in newspapers, street cars, billboards and magazines. "Ich Dien" in its truest, fullest meaning is their motto.

H. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

Give Me

15
Minutes
a Day!" says

Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor), "and I'll teach you

HOW TO

Make Speeches
Propose Toasts
Address Board Meetings
Sell More Goods
Strengthen Memory
Develop Strong Personality
Converse Winningly
Acquire Poise and Distinction

Thousands of business and professional men have become convincing speakers in public and in business by following this Mail Course in their spare time at home or in their office. It has increased their power and influence—put them on the straight road to BIG SUCCESS.

"WORTH MORE THAN IT COSTS"

"If I were never to use an iota of this teaching and knowledge for the purpose of public speaking, still it is worth more than its cost and is immensely valuable for the correction of an imperfect education—for the assistance it gives me in writing letters, in stating difficult business propositions, in the use of correct language. In addition, it broadens one's knowledge of literature, full import of statement, etc. I am wonderfully pleased."—W. T. WILSON (W. T. Wilson Co.), Naugatuck, Texas.

Without committing yourself in any way, send a post card request at once for full particulars and proof of the value of the Kleiser Course in Public Speaking.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 580, NEW YORK

Rémo Gem

Marvelous Synthetic Gems

Look and Wear Like Diamonds Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. *WED* cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid test like a diamond. *WED* cut glass is not glass. Rémo Gem have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere in U. S. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book— yours for the asking.

Rémo Jewelry Co.
638 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CALOX

OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

To Whiten the Teeth

It's the Oxygen (in the form of peroxide of hydrogen) in Calox that renders it so perfect a cleanser and whitener of the teeth. Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 Cents
Sample and Booklet free on request
McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

I TEACH
Penmanship
BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. Write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the *Ransomian Journal*. C. W. Ransom, 339 Minor Bidg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

The University of Chicago

Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY
20th Year
U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

ERICKSON LEG
Arms, Wheel Chairs, Crutches, Stockings.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS
E. H. Erickson Artificial Limb Co.,
9 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Does not chafe, overheat
or draw end of stump.
SEND FOR CATALOG

Pres. Roosevelt's Secretary
Wm. Loeb, now gets \$12,000 a year. Geo. Cortelyou, Pres. McKinley's secretary, is paid more than \$20,000. Both owe their success to
STENOGRAPHY
The big place in business are filled by men and women trained in stenography. Pay yourself the Big Income Class. Let us show you on how to write for Free Prospectus.
TYPEWRITER IN YOUR HOME FREE.
Practical Correspondence Schools 113K Pearl St., N. Y.

Binder for Collier's \$1.25 (Express Prepaid)
Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasp, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price.

ADDRESS COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York



His Work Done

WHEN the fireman's work is done then comes the adjustment of the damage and the call on the fire insurance company to pay for the loss.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company has in its hundred years and more of life, paid the enormous sum of 150 millions of dollars to make good losses by fire. This is the largest amount paid by any fire insurance company, but the Hartford is to-day stronger than at any time in its history. So when you need fire insurance

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere



The Lamp You've Wished For

Fit out your office—your library—your den—your parlor with Emeraldites. They're both handsome and useful. It's just the lamp you've been looking for. Makes a welcome gift to anyone. The green glass shade and its opal lining make a combination restful and soothing to eyes. It's a pleasure to read under



For Carbon
Tungsten or
Tantalum
Electric
Lamps

EMERALITE

Desk and Table LAMPS

Complete with 6 feet silk cord ready to screw into electric light socket. Sell for \$6.50 and up. Send for booklet showing 19 styles in color. Address Dept. "C."

H. G. McFADDIN & CO.

40 Warren St., New York City

Play Billiards at Home



\$1.00 DOWN

Prices are \$15, \$25, \$35, \$50, \$60, \$70, etc., on terms of \$1 or more down (depending on size and style selected) and a small amount each month.

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

needs no special room—can be set on dining-room or library table, or on its own legs or folding stand. Sizes range up to 4 x 9 feet (standard). Balls, cues, etc., free.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first installment we will ship your table on our week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 403 Center St., Portland, Me.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 26, 1912

SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED. PUBLISHERS
ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
E. C. PATTERSON, Vice President and General Manager

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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NO 6
FRANKLIN COR., Treasurer
CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary

Cover Design	Drawn by Louis Fancher
Cartoon	Drawn by F. G. Cooper
Editorials	
Country Clubs of Broadway	Wallace Irwin
The Fool's Story. Poem	John Cecil Clay
Pork-barrel Statesmen	Mark Sullivan
New Plays in the East—and West	Arthur Ruhl
Playthings. Story	Charles Belmont Davis
The Shifted Burden. Story	Gertrude Brooke Hamilton
Tea and Talk with the Ladies of the Circus	Sarah Comstock
News Photographs	
A Mood. Poem	Theodosia Garrison
Cartoon	Drawn by H. L. Drucklieb

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Decay Is Eating The Heart Out of Your Tires

To explain: Here's a cut in the tire, extending through the rubber surfacing to the real body of the tire. This body is built up of plies of heavy cotton fabric. Oil gets into the cut—moisture is almost continuously seeping in and soaking the fabric—decay follows. Result—blow-outs, rim-cuts, shortened tire life. Tirenew is the preventive.

You'll get 20% more mileage out of your tires by using



It Prevents Tire Decay

A liquid, unvulcanized rubber compound with a base of pure gum. It gets down into all cuts and cracks and thoroughly waterproofs the fabric—it protects the entire tire from oil, moisture, light and sun; and

It Makes the Tire Look Like New

Tirenew your tires once a week and you'll have a smarter looking car, and longer lived, safer, and more satisfactory tires. Tirenew your spares and protect them from light and sun. Two colors—tire gray and white.

There are imitations which paint but don't protect—insist on Tirenew.

Ask Your Supply House
A Trial Can—Send 25c in stamp and dealer's name for a trial can—contains enough to Tirenew one tire. Apply it to your spare tire for its protection and appearance. State which color you want—tire gray or pure white.

NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY
4404 Papin St., St. Louis, Mo.
Buy by the Box—Buy a box of $\frac{1}{2}$ -gallons—convenient and economical. If your dealer can't supply you we will.



Increased mileage and increased "smileage"—that's the reason our facilities for making

LEE TIRES
have had to be continually increased within the past year.

Booklet D tells of the better grade rubber, the finer fabric and improved processes back of this better performance.

Write for it, or get it at

335 Seventh Ave., New York City
103 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
226 North Broad St., Philadelphia
1233 Michigan Avenue, Chicago
1212 Woodward Avenue, Detroit
3567 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.
J. Ellwood Lee, Pres.

EDWARDS FIREPROOF GARAGES
STEEL
For Automobiles and Motorcycles

\$30 to \$200
Easy to put up. Portable. All sizes. Posta brings latest illustrated catalog.
THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 233-233 Egleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

LEARN to RUN and REPAIR AUTOMOBILES
EARN A BIG SALARY
Mr. Beni, Briscoe, Mr. J. D. Maxwell, and others endorse our system. Big demand for chauffeurs and salesmen. We teach you the auto business in 10 weeks. Small payment starts you. Write for 1912 Book—FREE.
PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL,
70 T Beaver St., N. Y.

A Logical Answer For Your Hauling Problem

Five-ton chassis	\$4,500
Three-ton chassis	3,400
Two-ton chassis	2,800

Substantial reasons for the recognition of the Packard as the standard vehicle of heavy traffic:

The ability of the factory to deliver the trucks.

The dealer's ability to deliver the service.

The ability of the trucks to deliver the goods.

Packard dealers, with a complete stock of parts at instant command, provide regular inspection and keep Packard trucks running every hour of every working day.

Packard trucks have made good in 163 lines of trade

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



Garford

"SIX"

A DISTINGUISHED foreign diplomat recently visited America to represent his government at a big naval review held in New York City. During his stay in New York a Garford Six was placed at his disposal. It was his first trip across the Atlantic.

Just before he left for home he was asked to give his views on what he saw and thought of this country. Among other things he spoke of the remarkable progress we had made in fine motor car construction. His views—according to his own statement—were based entirely on his experience with the Garford Six, which he said was far in advance of any Six cylinder car made in Europe.

Opinions of this high character are worth considerable to those who are in the market for a high grade six-cylinder automobile.

The Garford motor is the most highly developed six built.

The method of lubrication and fuel distribution is mechanically correct, giving positive guarantee of equal driving force from each of the six cylinders at all times—not occasionally. Neither is economy sacrificed—for the Garford Six will do better than eleven miles on one gallon of gasoline on tour. The most highly perfected system of lubrication insures smoothness and quietness of operation. The chassis, body construction and spring suspension make easy riding qualities seem beyond improvement. The interior and exterior finish leave nothing in the way of beauty and luxury to be desired.

The Garford Six is one of the world's most finished products.

A handsomely illustrated book giving all details mailed you gratis.

(Address Department 1)

THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO



Collier's

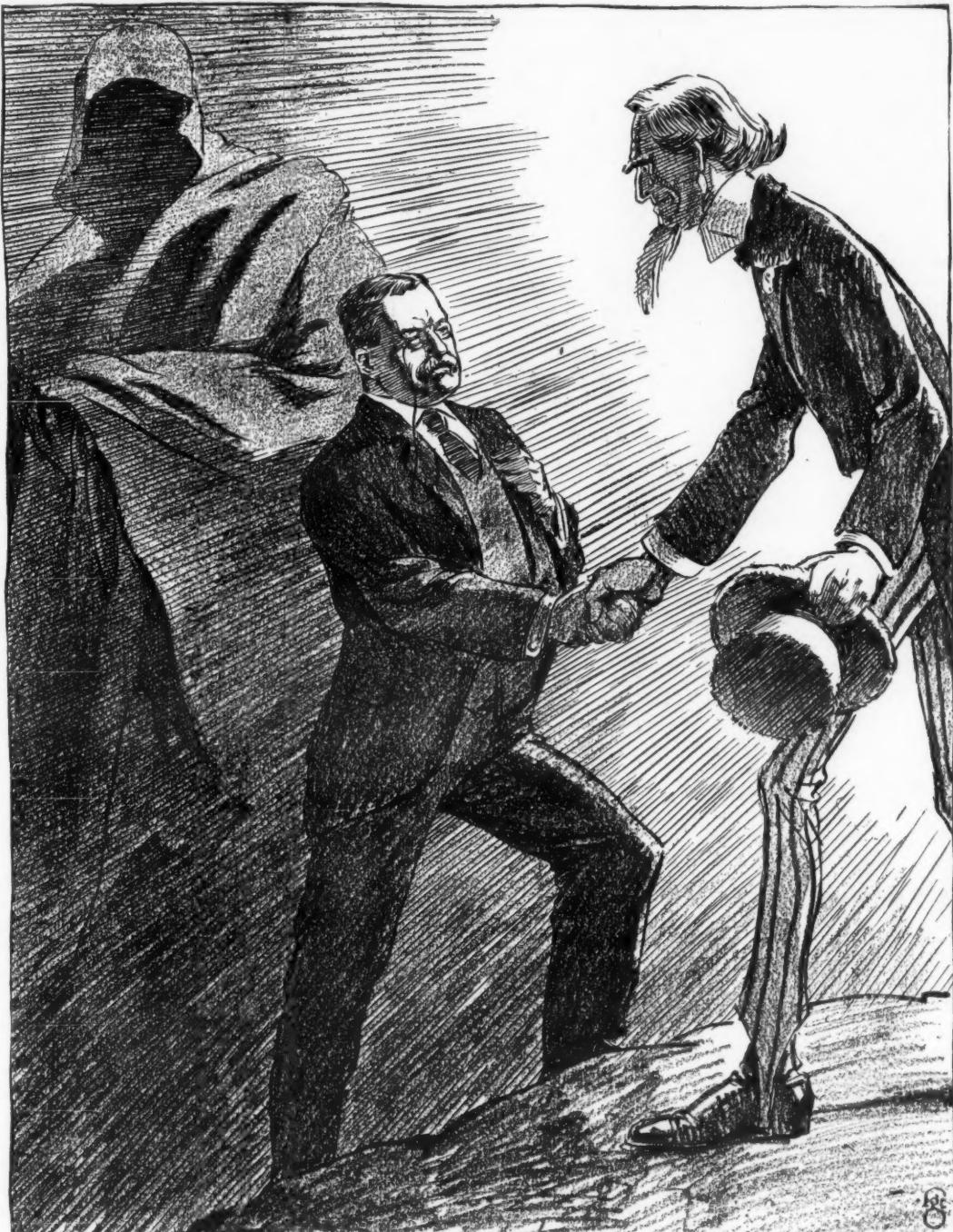
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

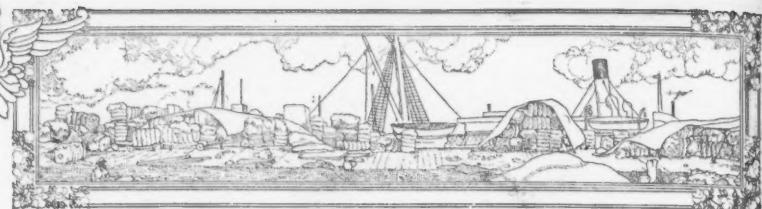
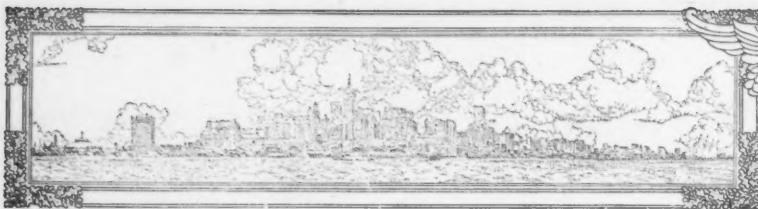
ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Out of the Shadow

DRAWN BY F. G. COOPER



A MAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a fairly close presentment of what this nation likes to call *a man*. Such faults as fault-finders like ourselves have been able to descry in him are faults of the highly tempered, hasty, and not always reasonable nation which selected him to govern it. No man probably could have risen so high in American politics and emerged as stainless from his early struggles. No man could have used his power with a larger moral usefulness to his whole people. And we doubt whether any man in history has undertaken late in life as high an unselfish venture in the field of politics as the Bull Moose. It is fortunate that those who value lightly the important things of life—courage, personal honor, and the well-being of those about them, and who guard closely safety, comfort, and their pocketbook—are almost the only Americans cynical enough to disbelieve in the honesty of THEODORE ROOSEVELT's words within five minutes of an attempt upon his life:

Friends, I want to say this about myself: I have too many important things to think about to pay heed or to feel any concern over my own death.

COLLIER'S is not so hypercritical that it cannot recognize a man.

THE DOOR THAT IS NEVER SHUT

THE LIST of air fatalities has been long the past summer. But, however much we deplore the loss of these men of action, we are moved to admiration for that trait in human nature which never lets us quit. Wherever there is a wilderness to explore, wherever a door has been found that can be opened and a stairway leading up, men will go in. When any man finds a way to enlarge the field of man's pleasure, or profit, or helpfulness, other men will follow regardless of hardship or danger. Conservatism may frown on them, nature may try to conceal from them, gravity may battle with them, and the elements may hurl their deadliest shafts against those who essay the great adventure, but for every man who drops by the way, twenty spring forward to take his place, until at last man has triumphed and one more achievement is credited to the race. Thus it will be. No matter how many fall, there will be others to go up. The door to the sky has been opened and will not be closed. Engines may stop, wings may break, and air currents overturn, but man will fly, until he has dominion over the air as over the land and sea.

DIRECT GOVERNMENT

THE SUPERINTENDENT of a large factory naturally chooses the best available men, but he does not depend exclusively on the character of the men to get good and continuous service; he also pays their wages. In this imperfect world, how long would it take him to find five hundred men who would do his work well merely because they loved to work? It is because they want the job that the men come back day after day. It is not mere natural industry and punctuality that bring them to the door when the seven o'clock whistle blows and keeps them at work eight hours. The same hand that fills the pay envelope has power to promote or to discharge. Now for the moral. So long as the people perform no other function in their government than pay the bills, no matter how good and efficient men naturally may be, the inclination always is to please the man or men who have power to employ, promote, or discharge. If the selection of candidates is left to a boss, a corporation, or a clique, no set of men under the sun so selected are good enough to give whole-hearted service to the people, who merely pay when told to pay. Even a second-rate set of men may do valiant service when their jobs depend upon the same person who writes their checks.

DISTANCE

TO APPRECIATE the past without losing proportion, is what the wise historian seeks. The highest of all writers of history, in the opinion of many scholars, was THUCYDIDES; he lived in a time of great deeds, in the most brilliant nation the world has seen, yet of the early triumphs of his race he said:

It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote, but from all we can really investigate, I should say they were no very great things.

THE PRICE OF POETRY

WEARY A LITTLE of politics at the present moment (though we shall have to return to it before we complete this page of type), we shake ourselves together to remark that, unless our memory is at fault, TENNYSON, during his later years, made something like \$20,000 a year. For fear of encouraging others, we will add that some poets do not make so much.

HUMAN JUDGMENT

SAMUEL PEPYS was a man of such personality that he is read and constantly talked about to-day. This man said "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" was the silliest play he had ever seen. We are all like that. Whatever our gifts, we are full of blind spots and are constantly forming and emitting the most incredible opinions.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

The quotation is somewhat musty, but we call attention to the third line in it. Our most arrogant opinions often lie in those fields where we are least acquainted.

LIGHT

WHEN EMERSON was a young man he wrote:

At the first entering ray of light, society is shaken with fear and anger from side to side. Who opened that shutter? they cry. Woe to him! . . . Even now society is shaken because a thought or two have been thrown into the midst.

Even then, and even in 1912, and so perhaps it will ever be. The same profound thinker wrote in "Works and Days":

Though many creatures eat from one dish, each, according to its constitution, assimilates from the elements what belongs to it. . . . A snake converts whatever prey the meadow yields him into snake; a fox, into fox; and PETER and JOHN are working up all existence into PETER and JOHN.

So with the mind. Where PETER or JOHN undertakes to change the universe, he must take his life in his hands. He has no complaint. He either changes others or they put him down and out, and he is a baby if he cries.

FOR CONGRESS

ON APRIL 20, 1868, the New York "Tribune" contained the account of a dinner given to DICKENS, in which it said:

Mr. Thorpe spoke of the future in store for a section so large in extent and so rich in its resources as that which was known as "The Southwest." Twenty-eight years ago he saw a flatboat coming down the Mississippi with the name printed in large letters on its side, *Samuel Veller*. On his asking the captain of the craft whose name it bore, he replied that he thought probably it was that of the new candidate for Congress.

This mistake would be less likely now, less on account of DICKENS's fame than because the average man has become interested in whom he sends to Congress. We believe that a few days from now he will, after considerable study, vote for that candidate, irrespective of party, who seems to him best fitted to legislate for a hundred million souls.

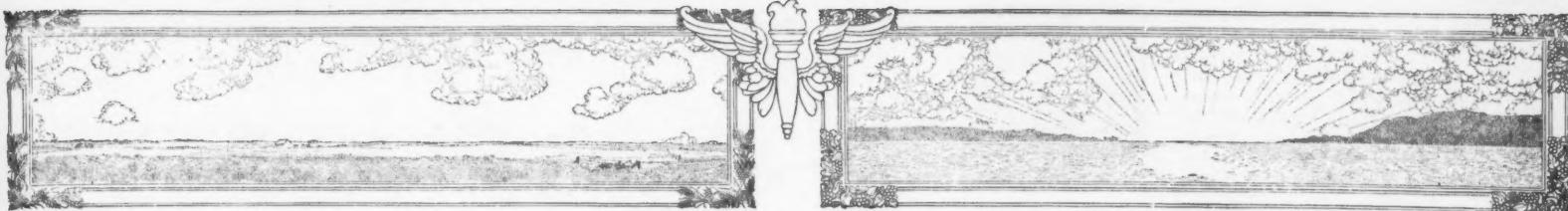
INSIDE INFORMATION

THERE IS BUT ONE more number of this paper to appear before election day. And each day we shall probably be asked the question: "Is COLLIER'S for WILSON or for ROOSEVELT?" Fortunately, COLLIER'S has no vote, and, therefore, can be friendly to two candidates at once, and will have fulfilled its function in this campaign if it presents the issues fairly to its readers. Of these there are a number who have felt that our persistent championship of many reforms advocated in the Progressive platform should have led us to declare for the Bull Moose, and others still who, knowing our views on the tariff and on the regulation of monopoly, ask for an absolute declaration against ROOSEVELT and in favor of WILSON. COLLIER'S, however, undertakes only to interpret fairly the character of the candidates and sincerity of the claims on which they ask election, and the problems involved as far as we can understand them. Just by way of illustration, and not because it is of any particular significance, it is probable that the editorial staff of COLLIER'S will vote as follows:

One of the staff will vote for WILSON because he believes WILSON's ideas on the regulation of monopoly sounder than Mr. ROOSEVELT's, and because he shares the Democratic candidate's convictions on the tariff.

Two others will vote for ROOSEVELT because they believe the third party, entirely apart from the personality of its leader—and that leader confessedly the only man who could have welded together so powerful a party in so short a time—represents the greatest moral movement in American politics since the Civil War.

It is for our readers to do, as we are doing in this office: make choice, each person according to his lights—which is more important, to see the tariff and trust questions rightly solved, or to get behind a great new force for the rehabilitation of our politics?



LAND

BEFORE THE COMMUNITY reaches a final settlement of the monopoly problem, it will have to include a radical change in methods of taxation, and this will include a great change in the view of public and private rights in land and in what lies in the earth. Any unearned increment, whatever its nature, fails to suit the modern conscience, and ultimately it is likely to go.

VISION

NEW PARTY LEADERS frequently charge their opponents with lack of vision. We are grateful for the aid to our imagination which Mr. PERKINS gave in his sketch of regulated monopoly before the Senate Committee:

The rapid changes that have taken place in methods—and I believe are going to be just as rapid the next twenty-five years—make me feel that you cannot lay down many very specific rules, but that we have got to have here in Washington a controlling commission, composed largely of business men, to which a business enterprise could come and say: "Now we want to do thus and so; here is the manner in which we propose to treat labor; here is the manner in which we are going to treat our competitors, and here is the method of treating our consumers. Is this in keeping with good public policy?" And find out whether or not they can do it. (See Senate Committee's report, page 1102.)

That seems to us a perfectly vivid picture of what Mr. PERKINS desires; a basis on which to agree or disagree with him.

THE MONOPOLY ARGUMENT

OUR OPINION on the monopoly issue has been often expressed, but frequent objections require us to restate certain principles of this most immediate and important issue. It is poor judgment to rejoice in anything as settled unless it is settled right. Our own opinion of the economic and social value of extremely large units differs from that of the new party; and if units beyond a certain size are injurious, we can scarcely be pessimistic enough to doubt that society can reduce them. If it cannot, it will take them over. *Monopolies ultimately will be national, State, or city monopolies.* Mr. ROOSEVELT is strong for the distinction between good trusts and bad trusts. To our mind no trust looks to be a good thing for society. The La Follette-Stanley-Lenroot bills seem to us sound and high constructive legislation. Both parties are agreed upon the need of new administration machinery; *the question is on what it is to administer.* We believe it should administer laws intended to preserve competition. The judicial system has been partly to blame for the failure so far. The court laid down a correct principle in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, but carried it out foolishly. The La Follette-Stanley-Lenroot bills prevent the recurrence of this error. Moreover, they vastly increase the redress. They are not complete; much remains to be learned; *but they point in the right direction*, the only permanently safe direction.

A DISTINCTION

AN OCCASIONAL ACCIDENT is inevitable in modern railroading. The public calls continually for more speed, and is apparently willing to take its fair share of the added risk. The more intelligent roads have met this demand by better equipment—heavier rails, steel cars, automatic safety devices. When an accident occurs on such a road every consideration is thrown to the winds except that of immediate caring for the injured. From president to brakeman, every official whips off his coat and addresses himself to the relief of human suffering. The most famous "flyer" on the road will be sidetracked to let the relief train by. On all sides the injured, the survivors, and their friends meet helpfulness and eager courtesy. The writer was recently in his first railroad wreck. The train, one of the regular fast expresses between New York and Boston, was composed not of Pullmans but of wooden "parlor cars." At a little station, called Westport, there was a "crossover"—i. e., a switch which shifts the train from one to another of the four tracks. This was taken at a rate of over fifty miles an hour. The train was derailed, and three out of the four wooden "parlor cars" caught fire. In car number one were four women who, unable to escape, were burned to death. A year before, as the result of a similar accident, the railroad had been ordered by the Railway Commission to bring all trains to a full stop before taking a "crossover." No attention was paid to this warning. The car in which the four women were killed was an old wooden one which weighed about half what an ordinary Pullman weighs. With these lives to answer for, there was to be found, on the part of the railroad officials at the scene of the wreck, nothing but indifference, evasions, and discourtesy. The road which has thus distinguished itself, we need hardly say, is the New York, New Haven & Hartford, managed by CHARLES S. MELLEN.

CONGRESSMEN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once maintained that it is easier to govern than to run a grocery store. Certainly it is very difficult to run a grocery store as it should be run. These were his words:

The Secretary of the Treasury sends in an elaborate report—a budget, in fact— involving a complete and harmonious scheme of revenue and expenditure. Must the Congressman read it? No; it is not necessary to do that; he only cares for practical measures. Or a financial bill is brought in. Does he study that bill? He hears it read, at least by title. . . . Or is it a question of tariff? He is to vote "yes" or "no" on these proposals. It is not necessary for him to master these subjects, but it is necessary for him to know how to vote. And how does he find out that? In the first place, by inquiring what effect the measure will have upon the chances of election of the man he thinks will be nominated for President, and, in the second place, what effect his vote will have on his own reelection.

This may be less true in Washington after the next 4th of March. Whatever your party, you should try on November 5 to diminish its truth. Don't vote for inferior men, whatever label they wear.

THE PENALTY OF LEADERSHIP

SPEAKING OF PUBLIC UTILITY COMMISSIONS, President S. VAN HISE, in his book on "Concentration and Control," says:

It was in Wisconsin, when United States Senator R. M. LA FOLLETTE was Governor, that the full solution was first reached.

Many of us can remember the day when LA FOLLETTE'S fight for progressive ideas caused him to be looked upon by the country at large as a dangerous demagogue. It is often the fate of the man who keeps ahead of the procession.

WHY?

M. BELASCO mounts a play "in three acts and an epilogue in 'Childs.'" No small part of the audience is drawn thither to see just how deceptively this meticulous master of detail will make his stage over into a Broadway beanery. By paying a few cents, and eating two poached eggs or "buckwheats and," anyone can look over the restaurant in real life. Of course, Mr. BELASCO makes believe convincingly. He knows what a telephone exchange is like and how an elevator door sounds when you click it. He also knows what theme the public is interested in during a given year. He is a good journalist. But why does the public like to see its hotels and restaurants accurately reproduced on the stage when the originals themselves are only round the corner? For one thing, art helps the beholder thereafter to take more interest in the thing depicted.

A MILLION DOLLARS

PENDING an imaginary fortune is a favorite pastime with us all. If we were disposing of a million dollars we should be inclined to put into as many homes as possible JANE ADDAMS'S latest volume, "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

A NOTABLE SERIES

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM is one of the most difficult now before the world, and we wish to insert a free advertisement here for "The Housekeeper" by saying that the series of articles by Mrs. WILLSIE, now running in that magazine on that subject, is one of the most helpful printed in any periodical in a long time.

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

THE ADVANCE OF WOMEN into the arena where economic and moral questions are settled is becoming more powerful and rapid every week. Voting is only a part of it. It is the seizure of an apt and needed weapon, and it is the symbol of the whole subtle and far-reaching change. This alteration in society cannot be stopped, because it is the result of education, industrial development, democratic government, and peace. If the world understands one thing to-day it is that progress depends on the conditions under which children are born and trained. Shall women be kept out of the councils which deal with the health and rearing of children—with schools, penal rules, eugenics, changing ethics? Shall they have no voice in directing how much money shall be spent on education and how much on political pie? On whether cotton and woolen goods are what they ought to be in quality and price? On whether, in regulating a traffic that murders so many girls every year, and creates so much disease, we shall punish the women, the men, the owners of buildings, or the police? Or rely on changing standards in men's morality, forced by increased knowledge among women? Hundreds of thousands of girls work in shops, factories, laundries, bakeries; who shall look after the laws relating to them, and the execution of those laws? Is the tariff of no importance to those who do most of the purchasing for the home? Unless woman has no right to help decide the questions which most concern her children and herself the feminist movement cannot stop.

TWO upstanding, florid, padded young men stood at a conspicuous Broadway corner and delivered the following sonorous syllables:

"Herbert, I greet you!"

"Why, Brentmore MacDougall, as I live! How goes it, old boy?" (Business of shaking hands.)

"So-so, dear fellow. Just completed a tour of the Hodkins time—a screaming success from start to finish—everybody crazy about me—should have seen the ovation they gave me in—" "And now?"

"At liberty for a time. Nothing serious, but irritating. You see, the knockers got on my trail when they saw I was getting all the hands, and before I knew my fate, I was ordered out and shot at sunrise. It's something fierce the way they knife a good man in the profession nowadays."

"You've said something, old man!"

The short actor, late of the "Hodkins time" (phrase



"He's the guy that wrote 'I'd Love to Love a Lovy Dovey Dore Like You.' He's made a fortune writing musical shows."

meaning "touring regularly on Mr. Hodkins's vaudeville circuit"), pulled down his purplish-green overcoat and drew a little closer. The tall actor gazed furtively up Broadway as for an easy escape. He stirred nervously in his cloth-topped shoes.

"By the bye, Herb"—this from the short one, jauntily—"could you slip me a couple of bucks till to-morrow?"

"Come, come now, Brent! You wouldn't rob a pauper like me—two bucks is a great deal of money."

"There, don't be a flinty-hearted jailer! You know I'd pass as much to you on request."

"Let's step into the Country Club and talk it over," said the tall one evasively.

Exeunt both through swinging door labeled "Kaisershof."

This conversation, repeated within my hearing not so long ago, was the first occasion upon which I heard the term "Country Club" applied to one of the actor-fre-

quented cafés, saloons, and restaurants distributed along Broadway and environs streets. The picturesque irony of the phrase roused my curiosity, so I besought Larry O'Hammerstein, vaudevillian (at present disengaged). Larry keeps office hours from 10 to 11.30 P.M. at the Cadillac, and there I found him behind the pages of "Dramatic Mirror."

"Why do they call them Country Clubs?" I asked.

"Why shouldn't they?" he interrogated in reply. "A country club is a place where you go to get out of the fresh air and avoid wholesome exercise, ain't it? Don't make any difference whether it is in Broadway or Greenwich, Conn., the object is about the same. Who first started the name for these theatrical hang outs? Lou Fields, I guess it was—or maybe it was Dick Mansfield. Anyhow, whenever you see a place within shooting distance of Broadway where the Profession comes to drink beer and tell his troubles, you can set that down as a 'Country Club.'

"Show me some of your Country Clubs," I demanded. Being cursed with a great leisure, Larry consented to lead me.

"A lot of the famous old places has went," said Larry. "There was George Considine's old Metropole, which was torn down when George got rich by saving his honest pennies and started a rival to the St. Regis up in Forty-fourth Street. The old Halfway House, too, was a loss, as its big scoop o' beer and grand lunch for a nickel has saved the life of many an actor who to-day shakes hands with Willie Collier—just like that! Several of the I-talian places have became hang outs for chorus men, which has spoiled 'em for the Profession—"

"Aren't chorus men the Profession?" I inquired. Larry's only reply was a look of infinite pity.

"I'll take you 'round," he said. "Would you rather start at the top and work down, or vicey-versey?"

"Facilis est descensus Averno," I misquoted learnedly. "I think it might be pleasant to start with Olympus and gradually slide."

THE café of the Hotel Albany is *de luxe*, a veritable Newport golf club on the middle Rialto. Here you sit at an elaborate table, whose green marble top exactly matches the pilasters on the walls, and gaze reflectively up at those wonderful Florentine beams, hand colored by artisans from afar. The bartender is also Florentine, to match the ceiling, which he assures you: "Costa mucha mon—ten t'ousan' dollars." Theatrically the Albany is in somewhat the same class as the Knickerbocker and Rector's; for here you can talk with producers and managers—provided they do not scent your approach with that superhuman keenness peculiar to producers and managers.

"Yet you'd be surprised," said Larry O'Hammerstein, "to see how many handsome near-actors save up their nickels and dimes for the sake of swelling around in such marble halls as these for a few minutes per week. It gives 'em distinction, and many a good contract has come out of this sort of bluff. Hello, there's J. Raglan Van Davenent!"

Larry beckoned to a tall, blue-chinned youth whose rough purple overcoat swept loosely from his shoulders in a luxuriance of fold suggestive of the Roman toga.

"Greetings, Ragsy—won't you join?"

"With pleasure!" said the stately one,

attaching himself to our table even as the tired swimmer embraces a passing raft.

"Living here now?" asked Larry with assumed innocence.

"My dear sir, are you the house detective?" J. Raglan struck an easy Faversham pose. "To speak you true, I am keeping office hours here from 10 to 10.15 P.M. every other Thursday. For regular meals you may find me at Abruzzi's Franco-Italian restaurant adjacent to Sixth Avenue."

"Good feed?"

"Excellent! The thinness of the soup is nicely balanced by the thickness of the bread. In fact, my boy, I believe Abruzzi's must have the best cooking in New York—because why? Because of the cockroaches! These little creatures know where the desirable food is, which is proven by their well-known fondness for the kitchen. You seldom or never see a roach in the drawing-room. By the same reasoning you never find one of these tiny connoisseurs at Delmonico's—no! They are all down in Thirty-fifth Street testing Signora Abruzzi's excellent cuisine."

J. RAGLAN VAN DAVENENT helped himself to a cigarette.

"Larry, would you believe it," he orated, "I've been grossly insulted by my agent!"

"How so?"

"Beggar offered me a job!"

"Accepted, of course?"

"Lord, no! Wanted me to play an Indian part in a road production of the 'Squaw Man.' And what do you suppose? The atrocious beggar offered me thirty dollars a week for the job—me!"

"What'd you do?"

"I crossed up stage to exit l. c. There I paused. Business of flashing eye and deep breathing. 'Robinson,' I said, 'how could you have forgotten that my minimum wage is one hundred and twenty-five? You have the effrontery to offer me thirty per to play the part of an Indian—why, you scoundrel, I wouldn't play a half-breed at that price!"

An actor's motive in famishing rather than accept a cut in salary is not all vanity, as I later learned. Broadway, in fact, is divided into a thousand castes, the standard of aristocracy being a nicely adjusted wage scale. Chorus men, loafing under velvet hats near the stage door of the Casino, will point out a passing comedian and whisper awesomely: "Jones—he's good for his two hundred and fifty every week he plays." But should the week come when Jones's manager offered him two hundred and forty-five, the comedian's only ethical move would be to resign and join the Army at Liberty. For even a five-dollar salary cut would start the whispering galleries of Longacre Square to echoing mawkishly: "Jones is working for a bargain salary—the toboggan for his career!"

A musical director told me recently that a singer had approached him showing the plain evidences of

A long line, composed of nearly two hundred sad individuals, carrying black hats and white rabbits



of Broadway

Where the Members of the Profession
Avoid Exercise

hunger in a face that gazed wanly above a dandified cravat.

"George," he said shamefacedly, "can you slip me a buck? I'm eating so seldom lately that a meal to me is like an Olympic game."

"I can do something better than lend you money," said the director. "I know you've got an A-1 voice and there's no reason why you should be out of work. Come around to the Victoria and I can place you at forty a week."

"Well, I guess not!" said the hungry one, drawing

reminiscent of Maurice and Mad'moiselle Des Lys, have drawn on the stage and employed hundreds of singers and dancers who would otherwise feel the pinch of this distress.

"I wouldn't go back into vode," said one of these cabaret opportunists to me. "Not while *this* soft thing holds out. I do all the latest popular drivel and a crazy dance with a doll at the 'Brown Rat.' Sixty per cent."

"Graft?" I inquired aggrievedly.

"Sure! We pass around the hat when the hour



"It was spring, and the window was open. 'Music with our meals,' says I, trying to cheer the bunch. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than a strange face appeared at the open window—the organ grinder's faithful monkey climbing the vines in search of pennies."

himself up proudly. "I've just refused an offer for seventy-five."

Such are the nice distinctions of those whom Thespis has made a little mad.

At the Kaiserhof (pronounced "kize") you get more the Broadway spirit of the Country Club. There are two good reasons why this corner should be dear to the drifting actor as well as his more steady confrère: The place is within loafing distance of the theatrical employment agencies and they offer here at five cents a glass the stuff which, more than art, made Munich illustrious. Seventh Avenue, where the schooners are taller and the lunch freer, ranks the Kaiserhof among the "millionaire joints," yet there is a German wholesomeness about this place which, I feel, must cheer many a weary actor in the patient hours of marking time against the "time" of some indifferent manager.

HERE an elderly musical comedy singer, whose rather distinguished, pink, Irish face and pale white An-gora hair (a wig, perhaps) suggested the thunderous prime of Louis James, leaned over the bar and confided to the German custodian:

"They say I'm superstitious—well, I am!" he intoned richly.

"Luck is someding!" agreed Fritz, whose duty it is to agree.

"Righto! Look at Allwynde Hippethwaite. Had a nice, freak, pretty voice which was positively useless to him, because it was neither basso nor tenor—one o' those idle things they call 'barytone cantante'—six or seven golden notes and the rest short change. Well, neither vaudeville nor legit would have Allwynde and he was thinking of going into the soap business, when what happened? Allwynde was riding on the "L" road one day when a cop in the next seat dropped a revolver. Gun went off, bullet struck Allwynde right in the vocal chords. 'Here goes nothing!' he groaned and fainted away. Took him to hospital and operated on throat—what ho! The bullet had knocked his voice up into a higher register and Allwynde sang a tenor that made Caruso sound like a dish pan. Three hundred a week from then on singing home-and-mother stuff in 'vode' (vaudeville)."

"Cabarets saved my life," said a little fat man who sat at a table helping himself plentifully to pigs' knuckles. His remark sounded like an indorsement for a patent medicine, but it seems the cherubic one spake plain truth. The small midnight cafés, keeping abreast with the popular craze for insanity in dancing figures

grows late. I'm good for two hundred per and I'll be rich by fall if the management don't begin coming down for a divvy."

IN OUR easy, flowery descent toward Hades we lounged—or I should more properly say "squeezed"—into Dowling's where the jam is prodigious and "standing room only" is proclaimed at the bar where performers from Hammerstein's Victoria and numerous burlesque houses consort with song writers, musical comedians, and the furtive-eyed camp followers who menace the Thespian's progress. A pale, square-headed little Alsatian major-domo watches you with a catlike regard, taking no chances on your forgetting to pay your score. Now and then he tiptoes over and makes a Masonic sign to the barkeep.

"Nothing doin', gents," says the dispenser to three vaudevillians who linger drinkless at the rail.

"What's the matter with you guys?" asks one.

"Heine says y' sneaked out on 'im last night without payin' yer check."

Three indignant vaudevillians file toward the door and face the pale but determined Heine.

"Now look here, you little rat," says the broadest of the three, "what do you mean by insinuating—"

"I don't insinuate—I know it," retorts Heine. "It ain't once, but often I seen you get careless about the time you passed the cashier's window. You can't work that game here no more. Go try it somewhere else where it's fresh."

Exeunt three humiliated vaudevillians (of whom I was one) into the cold, fierce glare of Broadway.

In a recent statement Mr. Belasco charges the actor with wasting his talents in clubs. As to the influence of the



genuine theatrical clubs I have no opinions, but I am sure the average habitué of the "country clubs" environing Broadway is far too busy talking about his art to devote much time to its improvement. Here at Dowling's there stands till closing time a human dodo of square-jawed comedians paired off in poses suggestive of Weber and Fields or leaning upon their pliant bamboo canes as though about to step into a "sidewalk turn" at the slightest provocation. For instance, you expect the little fellow with the cowlick curl and the long upper lip to inquire of the tall Semitic person: " Didn't I see you comin' down the street today?" or to pass the following histrionic cameo:

"Any good news of yer mother-in-law?"

"Sure! She's dead."

It was at the same place where I actually heard this bit of cold-storage repartee:

Cut-Up No. 1—Poor Pat! He died at Albany.

Cut-Up No. 2—That's nothing. I "died" at Syracuse. (The word "died" indicating that No. 2's theatrical enterprise had broken up in the classic city.)

Actors of a humbler cloth love to mention the name of greatness much as the pious Moslem finds comfort in repeating the name of Allah.

"Look at Dave Warfield!" said a chisel-faced youth, peeling the rind from a slice of bologna. "He was a newsie on the streets of Frisco, and even to this day he ain't appreciated at home. Arch Selwyn met Dave's old man in Oakland a couple of months ago and Pop Warfield says: 'I wish Dave'd quit this here theatrical foolishness. When he left home I offered him a good job as shipping clerk, and if he'd stuck by it he'd be manager of a department now!'"

AT THIS point enter a tall, distinguished youth in gray spats, accompanied by a keen-eyed, worried little man. The crowd seemed to separate on both sides, as upon the entrance of the star. The mob struggled to clasp his hand and pay for his refreshment.

"Somebody in particular?" I inquired of Larry O'Toole.

"Somebody? Well, raw-thurr! He's the guy that wrote 'I'd Love to Love a Lovey Dovey Dove Like You.' I guess that's something. He's made a fortune writing musical shows and skits for roof gardens."

"Who's the little, worried individual with him?"

"That's Slamburg, his manager. He's following Sid around like a jailer, because Sid's under contract to finish a skit for Eva Tangay before Monday, and he'll never do it if he gets mixed up in the Country Clubs."

In a large, liberal way the great man was preparing to treat everybody in the room, but Slamburg held him by the arm and gradually edged him toward the door.

"Hey, Sid!" called a dozen voices as a dozen hands beckoned.

"This is his busy night, boys!" shouted Slamburg, gently propelling his charge through a Seventh Avenue entrance.

There were two or three other song writers present who kept their peace, after the manner of minor poets in the presence of genius. But as soon as Sid had departed they again got out their dog-eared typewritten lyrics and flourished them under the noses of indifferent vocalists. A music publisher took pains to introduce me to one of these ballad mongers.

"Steve," said my friend, "shake hands with Mr. Irwin. He's looking for some comic antidotes o' theatrical life."

"I don't feel like tellin' no antidotes o' the night," said the rimester, turning upon me a lack-luster eye. "I been sick. To-day, comin' over on the train from New Rochelle, I sort o' lost track o' myself—got completely batty in the crum-pet."

Brain seemed to give all of a sudden. Guess I got asphasia or euthanasia or some o' them mind diseases."

The old man spoke well, though toothlessly.

"Bully!" I cried





"Mr. Irwin's here from *COLLIER'S*," persisted my friend, anxious to impress.

"That so?" said the penny poet absent-mindedly. "Funny how many writers and press agents Willie Collier keeps goin' around all the time lookin' for stuff."

He dug down in his errant memory for "comic antidotes" of theatrical life. At last he produced one which he wound forth like a ticker tape, an endless tale. It seems that a coterie who called themselves "The Wreckers" flourished at the old Metropole and lent a prankish savor to the White Way. One hot summer they noticed an unusually large number of stage magicians out of work, so they inserted in a leading daily the advertisement: 'Wanted, a dozen legerdemain artists to pull rabbits from hats—apply Klaw & Erlanger, Hotel Metropole.' By noon a long line, composed of nearly two hundred sad individuals carrying black hats and white rabbits, appeared at a side door of the Metropole, where several members of "The Wreckers" sat at a table impersonating Klaw, Erlanger, and Others. One by one the magicians passed in, and as each demonstrated his skill he was quietly led aside and the rabbit taken down to the barber shop, where so many of them collected that—

"Let's go down to Herman Clauder's," said Larry O'Hammerstein, leading me away. Clauder's, showing a prosperous German front, stands in Forty-sixth Street near Eighth Avenue, about the extreme corner of the Country Club district. There is the general appearance of roominess and dark wood and black-letter mottoes touching on "Bier und Wein" and good food and better malt which are characteristic of German commercial hospitality; for hither come the best of the musical comedy men to taste Herr Clauder's excellent German dishes which he serves in a big black-tabled room in the rear. If you thirst for a schooner with your supper, ask for "beer mit a handle." So used are they at Clauder's to actor patronage that the waiter, as he brings in your plate of *sauerbraten*, asks you what "time" you've been on; and Herr Clauder, not being quite able to identify me, ventured: "Vell, you been out for a long while dis time!"

HITHER at noon come the early-rising actors for a bite of breakfast and a game of pinochle. They are here again after the theatre to test Clauder's fish salad. There are here, in fact, all the time.

It was here they told me of a certain Dr. Cook of stageland whom I shall call Patrick McGinnis, because his name is nothing like it. He has just blown into town, as usual, out of the Nowhere, carrying, as his wont, a valise containing a small gas stove, twelve yards of tubing, a flatiron, and a can of concentrated coffee.

He was looking, he said, for "a gentleman's boarding house, rates about three dollars a week, and a landlady that ain't so confoundedly prompt." Patrick gives monologues on the vaudeville stage when he is inclined to work. He is only inclined now and then. His gift of gab is so remarkable that he can borrow a dollar of a cabman and pay his fare with the same dollar. Few men have accomplished this and lived.

"Where does he eat?" I asked.

"Well, he does it like this. Last week he invited a pal into a chop suey restaurant, relying on pal to pay the bill. But when the banquet was over the two of 'em couldn't scrape together a nickel. Business of consternation. It's a pretty serious situation, you know, to try and panhandle a Chink; for they're a peaceable and even cowardly race under ordinary circumstances, but the minute they see you're cheating 'em—look out! for the air will be full of laundry language, teakettles, and cut glass in less'n a minute. Well, pal was pretty scared; but when Pat found they was up against it he says: 'Bill, you stay here and hold down the table while I go out for a rescue party.' It was pretty tough for Bill, sitting there for nearly an hour thinking how Pat hadn't a dollar's credit in the world and three or four Chinks a-circlin' around with carving knives. Just as the situation got intolerable, in walks Patrick, leading a Broadway cop. 'Officer,' says he, striking 'Under Two Flags' pose, center stage. 'Officer, arrest that man! He stole my diamond scarfin.' The cop starts to

pin Pat's pal, but the poor Chink yells: 'Stop—he no payee me!' 'What's your little bill in a crisis like this?' sneers Pat to the Chink; and in the general excitement Pat's pal was hauled out into the street, Pat following close after."

"Yes, but how did Pat get his pal away from the policeman?" I asked, fascinated by the problem.

WORK like that is child's play for Pat. He turned his power of persuasion full force on the cop, and before they got to the station Mr. Cop not only let pal go but loaned Pat a dollar'n a half."

"A man doesn't need to starve in New York," I commented.

"Maybe not!" sighed Larry O'Hammerstein. "Let me show you some hang outs along Seventh and Eighth Avenues."

He led me to McCue's—McCue's of the smoky ceiling and piled-up rum kegs, McCue's where loulish men

a dollar bill on the sticky end of the stick. It used to make my hair stand on end to see a job like that pulled off, for if McCue had ever got on—" We departed hastily, as though fleeing from the sickening vision.

We passed among darkened streets where the alluring glare of Broadway was only a distant nimbus. Desolate brownstone houses, patched with ugly placards, announced bargains in table board. The night was springlike, and on the cluttered steps and balustrades sat pretty girls, smiling artificially to the dapper youths beside them.

"Theatrical boarding houses—miles of 'em!" said my friend. "Years ago, in my hard-pan days, I used to live around the corner at Madam Kelley's—Hard Luck Hall we called it, and it was better named than most hotels. Six

dollars a week she soaked us for room and board—and, gods of Rome, such board! I've been a Prune Hater ever since. Madam never allowed a performer in the house unless he brought a full trunk and could show a signed theatrical contract. We flashed a lot of false paper on her, I'm afraid, and as to our trunks—well, we brought 'em in full of other people's clothes, then emptied 'em at night and nailed 'em to the floor so they'd lift heavy.

"At last we got to the end of our string—there were four or five of us living in the same room. When we came back from job hunting one afternoon we found the words 'I want This ROOM' scrawled in soap on the mirror in Madam's fine Italian hand. Dan, my pal, promptly wrote under it: 'So Do WE.' Then we went forth in search of food. We had sixteen cents between us, and with this we bought a wad of Hamburg steak and a loaf of rye bread. That left us a penny in the treasury. One of the boys had a little stove and a gas tube in his grip, so we connected with the jet in the hall and fried that steak on a strip of zinc. Awful dry eating, Hamburger and bread! 'If we only had a dime we could push the pitcher around to Otto's,' said Dan, his mouth full of dry food. Business of choking. Just then outside we heard a hurdy-gurdy beginning to play 'White Wings.' It was spring, and the window was open. 'Music with our meals,' says I, trying to cheer the bunch. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than a strange face appeared at the open window—the organ grinder's faithful monkey climbing the vines in search of pennies. Dan, who was in no mood to banter, made a grab at the monkey, which made the monk so nervous he opened his mouth—and out dropped nine pennies on the floor! Talk about your manna food from heaven! With our penny in the treasury we had one complete dime—nothin' to do but match for who'd go around to Otto's."

DRIFTING, we touched now and then at strange ports, where the humor was in the key of Hogarth—the garments of Thespis gone seedy, but even yet some of that gayety in adversity which is the actor's bravest quality. Past the stage of dirty collars we plunged down, and at last arrived plumb at the Averian depths, the bottom of the ladder.

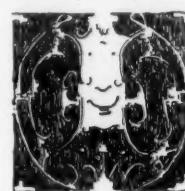
I have forgotten the name of the barroom, which doesn't matter. It is one of the birds which fledge Eighth Avenue, making night hideous. The floor is dank with the slop of foam, and many men, some still wearing poverty with grace, grasp eagerly at the big "scoops of suds" ever passing across the bar. Blue-jowled, ape-browed men, of the criminal type familiarly portrayed in comic papers, slouch in and out. Demoralized scene shifters, broken touts, opium smokers—here and there in the crowd a fine old head and a profile which dissipation cannot vulgarize. At the table by the wall two shabby old men sat over their glasses. One was small and merely decrepit, the other gaunt and grim with a halo of pure white at his brows.

"Pop knows the stage from A to Z," said Larry as soon as the glasses were refilled.

"So do I," piped the little old man. "I'm writin' my memoirs. If Ellen Terry and Mary Shaw kin, I guess I kin." He brought a scribbled wad of wrapping paper from his coat.

"He has no memories worth putting down," said the tall, grim one whom they call "Pop." "I played with Keene. I was bred among great act-ors—and

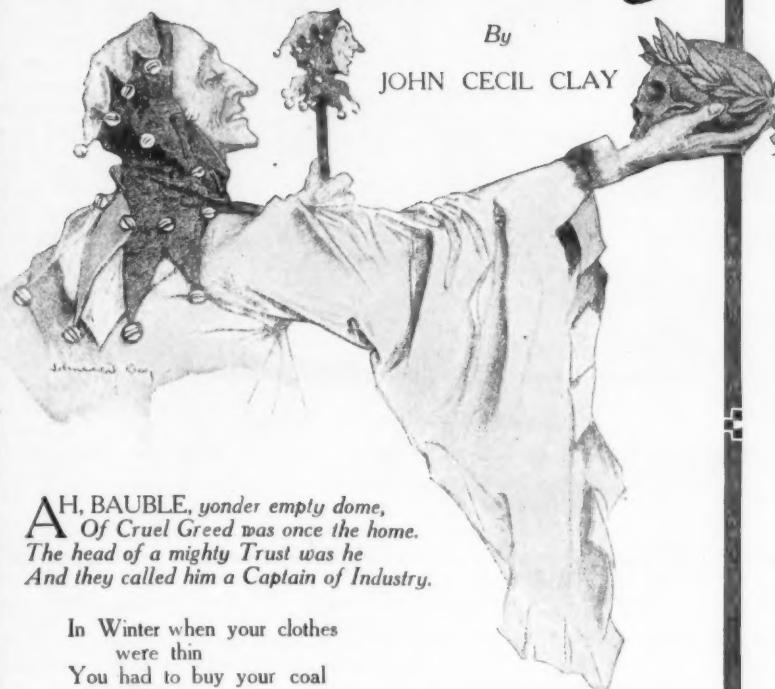
(Continued on page 30)



The Fool's Story

By

JOHN CECIL CLAY



AH, BAUBLE, yonder empty dome,
Of Cruel Greed was once the home.
The head of a mighty Trust was he
And they called him a Captain of Industry.

In Winter when your clothes
were thin
You had to buy your coal
of him,
In Summer just the other
way
He sold you ice,—you had
to pay
3 times as much as ere
before,
You're lucky though it
wasn't 4.
He raised the price of
bread, of meat,
Of sugar, fixed his scales
to cheat.
You asked for eggs; "Fresh
Laid," he swore.
(They'd been on ice a
year or more.)

The milk went up, the
birth rate down.
He owned the farms, he
owned the town.
He cornered everything in
sight,
He would have cornered
day and night
But all at once this man
of gold
Did what we all must do—
grew old;
And then he died. The
Comedy,
He left it all to
CHARITY.

stand at the bar grogging together, showing none of the vanities of Broadway.

"Nothing but rough necks here nowadays," explained Larry. "It's got out of the theatrical beat, but it was a great ham headquarters in the old days. Old Man McCue served the bar himself then, and he was a Tartar with shamrock dressing. If you ordered a mixed drink he called you a dude and bounced you by a side door. Once we bribed a famous wrestler to come in here and order a silver fizz. 'Ye dood! git out av this!' yelled McCue, but before he could do any damage the wrestler had lifted him over the bar and was sitting on his chest. 'Mr. McCue, I ordered a silver fizz!' said the strong man gently. 'I heard yez, and I'll mix yez wan,' said Mac, 'but may ye die drinkin' it!'

Mac little knew what an easy mark he was for desperate actors who had reached the thieving stage in the downward slide. You see, he kept his cash in one of those open 'muffin tin' tills—four holes for silver and two for bills. Many a panhandler, willing to take the risk, would stick a wad of gum to the end of his cane, and when Mac's back was turned, gently the grafter would slide the cane over the bar into the till and lift

Pork-barrel Statesmen

By MARK SULLIVAN

VARIOUS Seattle friends of COLLIER's have sent in copies of a cartoon that appeared in the "Post-Intelligencer." It pictures a trough full of silver dollars flowing from the doore of the Capitol at Washington into a bucket labeled

"\$22,000,000 Appropriations for the State of Washington."

while Congressman William E. Humphrey sits by with the pleased smile of a man who thinks he has earned and will receive a just reward—renomination. Everybody who has sent in this cartoon says that the "Post-Intelligencer" printed it to help Congressman Humphrey; Mr. J. W. Sumrall writes that

"the Seattle 'Times' is also supporting Humphrey for the same reason—viz.: that it is 'a good business proposition.' Humphrey's appeal for votes is based on his 'pork-barrel' record."

This occasions a good many reflections; one of them mourns for a community which must depend for the expression of its ethical ideals on editors who think that success at the pork barrel is the test of statesmanship. On the other hand, no one can escape the conclusion that there must be a good many people in Seattle who think the same way, or Congressman Humphrey and his standpatters supporters wouldn't rely on this argument. Indeed, it's a fair question whether the community or the Congressman is most to blame. So long as his district demands pork he will work to get it, and he can only get it by trading his vote on important matters affecting the whole nation. An intelligent voter should ask not "What did he get?" but "What did he give for what he got?" The members who are most successful at the pork trough are, as a rule, those who are most willing to be puppets in the hands of the man at the top of the organization, and the man at the top is the one who arranges tariffs and other important matters on the basis of trading a public building in Sundance for a vote in favor of the steel tariff. The pork barrel is strictly a matter of you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours. There are very few Congressmen but are ashamed of it. If any intelligent observer were asked to put his finger on the root of all evil at Washington, he would name the pork barrel. COLLIER's can perform few services more useful than to educate the nation to a point where the pork-barrel argument for reelection is unpopular.



A SODDEN COMMUNITY

JUST how low a community can sink through long acceptance of pork-barrel bribes is illustrated by certain portions of Wyoming. The Cheyenne "Tribune" printed in one of its September issues an article which is an ethical curiosity. It admits the truth of what COLLIER's said about Senator Warren, but sincerely defends him; in the middle of it is a photograph of Senator Warren which trusts the Cheyenne reader to recognize the handsome features of its senior Senator, and is labeled merely

"The-Man-Who-Gets-Things."

In the same spirit the article is headed "Fallacy of COLLIER's Attack on Senator Warren"; it was printed originally in another paper, the Lander (Wyoming, of course) "State Journal," and is written by one P. H. Shallenberger, whose ethical ideals are sufficiently explained in these extracts:

"The Federal buildings which Senator Warren has secured for his State are as cactus thorns in the itching palms of our enemies. They shudder and shrink at the names of Sundance, Lander, Evanston, and Casper. They have awakened to the fact that Wyoming has the largest and most expensively constructed army post in the United States. Great commonwealths like New York and Pennsylvania say: 'How did upstart Wyoming secure all this expenditure?' The answer comes: 'Warren did it.' 'Down with Warren!'

"If they assail them shall not we support him? How sharper than a serpent's tooth 'twould be to serve a thankless State....

"Warren is accused of friendship with the railroads. A new State needs railroads, and Wyoming has not yet reached that age when she can indulge in political war against them like red-eyed Kansas and evan gelistic Iowa.

"Let us be thankful that Warren has proceeded along the line of the harmonies rather than the antagonisms....

"COLLIER's says that Warren's influence put him there. If Warren was strong enough to put him there, persuade Roosevelt to advance his son-in-law over the heads of hundreds of other army officers, and secure more public buildings for us than has been given to States of three times our size, then he is too alert and masterful a servant to be discharged."

Here is a community that ought to be made up, like all the other Western States, and especially the Rocky Mountain States, of stiff-necked men; if it reelects Warren this fall it will advertise to all the world that it is on the level of Rhode Island.

A MASSACHUSETTS CASE

JOHN W. WEEKS of West Newton, Mass., is one of the most powerful of the Standpatters left in Congress. He is intelligent and hard working, usually on the side of the Standpat Republican organization, but with some useful service to his credit. His own idea of his own career in Congress, and his estimate of his constituents is revealed in this advertisement:

"JOHN W. WEEKS

"CANDIDATE FOR RENOMINATION FOR CONGRESS

"The most severe test for a public man is that of complete service. To neglect one side for the benefit of the other is to fall short of the fullest realization of stewardship."

This is the sort of ornate language a man uses when he's trying to bamboozle some one. What he is really talking about is success at the pork barrel.

"Prominent as a national figure since his entrance into Congress, John W. Weeks has never neglected the welfare of his constituency."

"He has secured a public building for Milford

"He has secured a public building for North Attleboro.

"He has always had the interests of the employees of the Watertown Arsenal at heart and introduced the resolution to investigate the Taylor system.

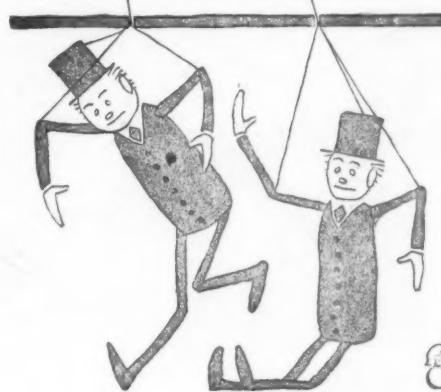
"He has secured appropriations for Weymouth Back River.

"He secured an appropriation of \$15,000 from Congress toward the expense of the bridge over Weymouth Back River, and this only after the hardest struggle.

"He may be depended upon to continue this course even to the minutest detail should you see fit to continue him as

"YOUR CONGRESSMAN."

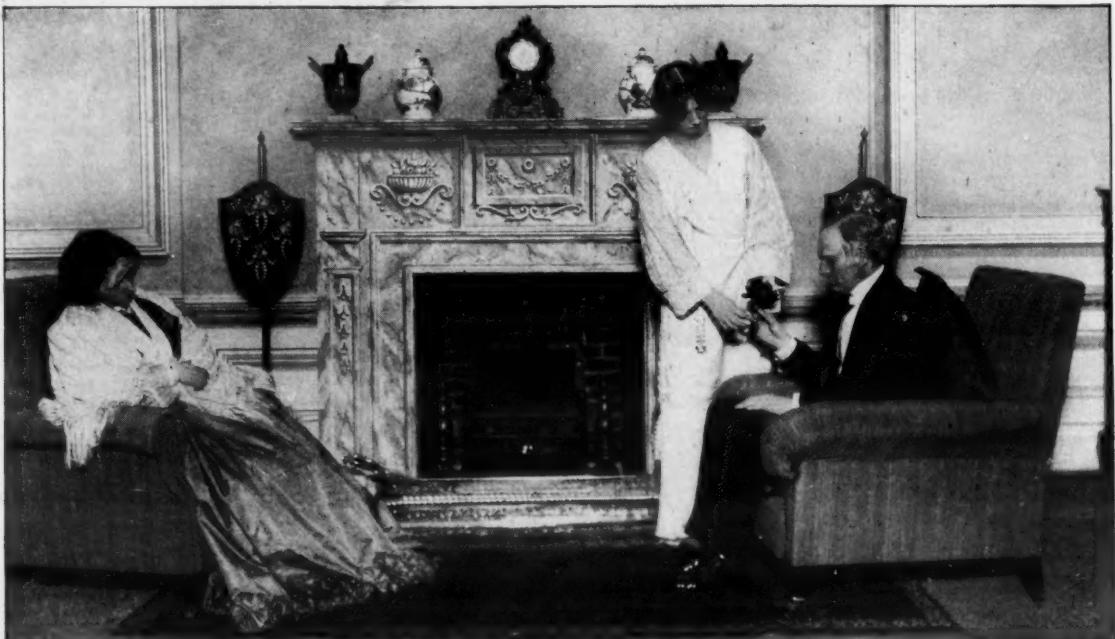
At its worst the pork-barrel argument for reelection is a confession of bribery; at its best it is drawing a herring across the trail. Insist on knowing how your Congressman voted on the tariff.



New Plays in the East



*The final scene in
"Milestones"—a
play which follows its
characters through
three generations*



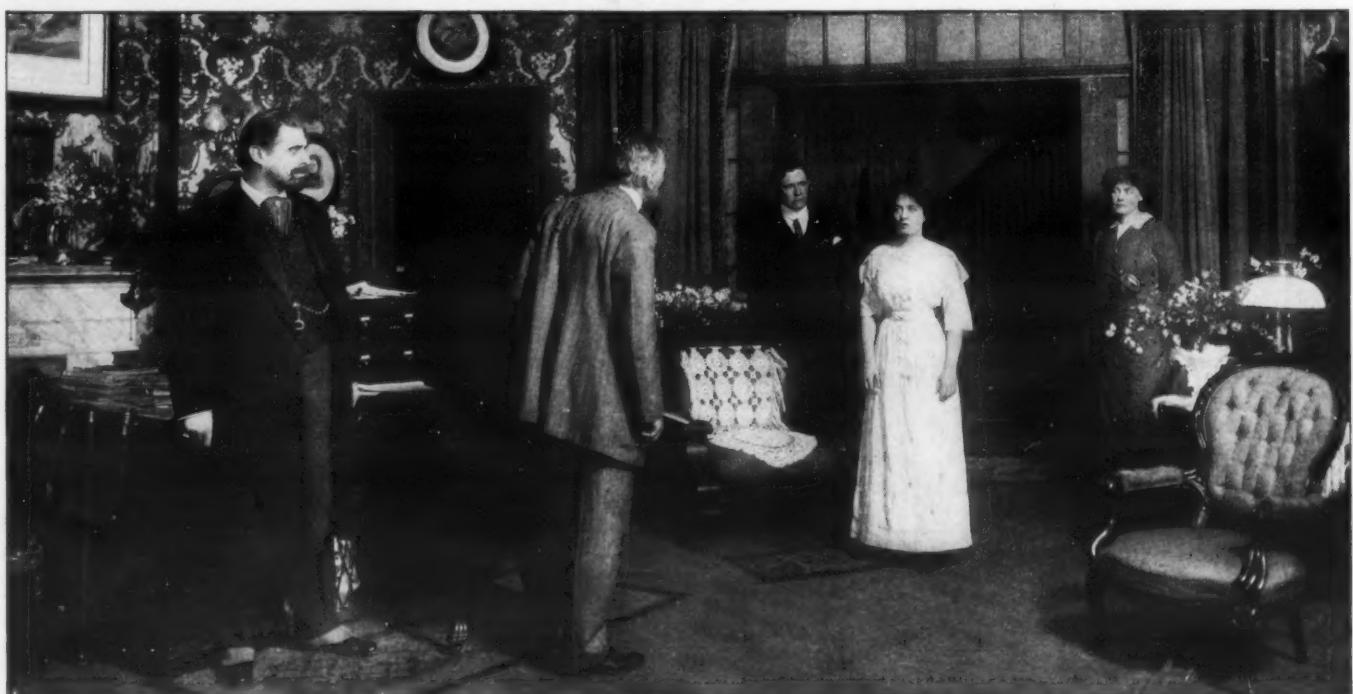
Miss Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky"

NO ONE who has seen "Milestones"—the new play by Mr. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, and the young American playwright, Mr. Edward Knoblauch—will fail to understand why two English companies were brought over to play it, one to open in Chicago without waiting for the verdict on the other in New York.

It is a play of unusual charm and quite extraordinary chances of popularity—as "safe" with almost any English-speaking audience, one would say, as coffee and rolls or Christmas. The general scheme is sufficiently novel to attract and entertain the most exacting, while none of the elements of which it is composed need puzzle or offend the most ingenuous. The action necessary in the theatre is combined in a most unusual fashion with those quiet little "touches" which generally are possible only to the more leisurely novelist, and there are moments when one has the unusual sensation both of seeing a play and of reading Thackeray at his best. We follow a family through three generations. We see them first in 1860—in the days of crinolines and wooden ships and Dickens's novels just off the press—and young John Rhead defying his elders and marrying the girl of his choice, whether or no. We see them next in 1885—in the days of iron ships and bustles, with Ouida's novels considered rather terrible—and young Rhead is old Rhead now, as hard-shelled as ever his stepfather was and forcing his own daughter to give up her brilliant young inventor to marry some chuckle-headed lord. And we see them at last to-day—Rhead a grandfather now—and the daughter, in her turn conservative, trying to marry her child to a title and keep her in London instead of letting her go off with her dashing young man to the fresh spaces of the Canadian Northwest. Only something seems to have come over the newest generation of women, for this young girl, who has her own ideas about politics, the importance of the aristocracy, and all sorts of things outside herself, is not in the least dismayed by the pigheadedness of her elders. "You don't seem to understand, grandfather," she explains. "I said we are going to be married." "We live to learn," sighs the old man when he and his wife are left alone at last with their golden wedding gifts and the embers of the fire. "Yes, John," she agrees, and down goes the curtain.

The action all takes place in one room, and the changes in the decoration of that room,

(Concluded on page 24)



The two hypnotists and the girl in "The Case of Becky." Miss Starr here is "Dorothy." In the other picture she is in the "Becky" phase of the dual personality

- and West

By ARTHUR RUHL



The news that the dam has burst—in "Fine Feathers"



One of the lighter scenes from the tragic play, "Fine Feathers"



*The old Senator
(Mr. George W.
Wilson) warns the
boss (Mr. Edward
C. Ellis) of the
force behind all
politics in "The
Man Higher Up"*

MR. EUGENE WALTER'S "Fine Feathers" has been playing in Chicago with great success since early August, and in November will be seen in New York. The fine feathers, in this case, are the pretty things which an unconsciously selfish young wife demands, and for which her devoted young husband sells his soul and eventually wrecks his happiness and hers. This characteristic American theme, with people taken, as he took them before, from the seat opposite in the "L" train or the flat overhead, Mr. Walter carries out to its tragic conclusion, with the same force and acrid thoroughness which he showed in "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way."

The young couple live in a suburban bungalow for which they are paying in monthly installments. The wife, a pretty up-State girl, does her own housework, the husband is chief chemist in a cement factory and gets twenty-five dollars a week. That a perfectly healthy young woman, without children and accustomed to the simple life of a small town, would necessarily find the care of such a home an intolerable burden, is an objection which the spectator has not, perhaps, a right to make. It is true that young couples are beginning happily under just such conditions all over the country and that they do it even in New York. And it is a minor defect in the supposedly "relentless" quality of the play that the personal equation which would actually have had so much to do with the result is not brought out with sufficient clearness, that the tragedy is assumed to follow inevitably from conditions under which it was by no means inevitable. There was a similar weakness in "The Easiest Way," in which the choice for the girl was not that between shame and starvation, as the audience were asked to assume, but between going back to Broadway and its perils or staying out of it and marrying her young man on a salary fairly comfortable for a small Colorado town, as in the beginning she might perfectly well have done. This, like certain other ragged edges—as, for instance, permitting the husband, well along in the action, in a moment of tense dialogue between himself and his wife, to lug in such crude explanatory remarks as, "You see, when we were married up-State five years ago"—may, perhaps, be ignored by the spectator, as they are, evidently, by the author, intent on getting across the main idea of

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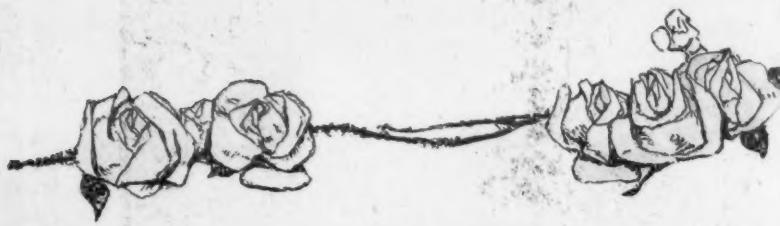


Miss Janet Beecher in "The Man Higher Up"

Playthings

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT-WILLIAMS



IT WAS fortunate indeed for old Jonathan Kemble that he had always lived thrifitly and now owned unencumbered the little brick house where he had slept and eaten and worked for so many years. There could be no longer any question about it that business at the little picture shop was hopelessly bad and was fast approaching the vanishing point.

Kemble's former prosperous trade had taken flight up-town to the big art shops and the department stores and left Jonathan and his daughter Maggie with willing but idle hands. At Christmas time some of the poorer children of the neighborhood came to the little shop in search for presents and bought cheap chromos, and the few artists who had remained true to Macdougal Alley and the peaceful charm of the old quarter still sent their pictures to Jonathan to be framed—that is, when the frames were not to be too ornate or of too expensive material.

But even if there was little to be done, the old man from force of long habit spent his days pottering about in the dusty and cluttered workroom just back of the shop, where Maggie, placid and content, waited patiently for the occasional customer. And Maggie really was content, for, although she had now turned eighteen, she knew little of the world beyond her own neighborhood, which the big city in its onward rush had swept by and left with all of its old-time dignity, but as completely shorn of bustle and action as a village graveyard.

MAGGIE'S life began and ended in the picture shop. To be sure, she was friendly with some of her neighbors, and especially with her neighbors' children, but it was usually the children and not Maggie who did the visiting. Her most extensive excursions were to the studios in the quarter when she carried back the framed pictures to their rightful owners. On such occasions some of the artists had found much to admire in Maggie's demure expression—the soft, wavy, brown hair, the big, always smiling, eyes and their long feathery lashes—and as a result had asked her to pose for them.

When the fairy prince did come into her life she knew him as readily as if he had worn a huge label, saying: "This is Maggie's Fairy Prince"



and-white face, to which the sharp wind and a brisk walk had added an alluring height of color.

"You frame pictures?" he asked in a most practical, if assuring, voice.

Somehow Maggie got up from her chair and somehow stammered the one word "Yes."

"Good for you," said the young man cheerily, and laid his bamboo stick on the counter, and beside it a large envelope which he had been carrying under his arm.

"We have with us this evening," he continued, opening the envelope, "the picture of a young lady, and I want to have your valuable assistance in choosing a frame. Look at it carefully and tell me your honest, even if it is an expert, opinion."

He handed the photograph to Maggie, who took it to the window, and in the fading light of the winter day eagerly scanned it. It was a large and somewhat faded picture of a girl dressed in a man's rowing clothes—a striped jersey, short, loose white trousers, worn over flesh-colored tights, and a small cap, set jauntily over a mass of curling blond hair. The girl had big, laughing eyes, wonderful teeth, and a flat, boyish figure, which the rowing costume showed off to unusual advantage.

"Lovely," Maggie breathed. "Isn't she lovely!"

"Right-oh," said the young man. "She's all of that and has a disposition of purest gold. I think the inscription, too, shows a certain amount of imagination—no?"

Once more Maggie held the photograph up to the window, and read the words written in a scrawling hand across the top of the picture:

"To bad Peter Austin from good Elsa Esmond."

Maggie laid the photograph on the counter and solemnly shook her head. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand," she said.

The young man picked up the picture and smiled at Maggie's innocent eyes.

"It's a kind of joke," he said. "You see, all young women in musical-comedy shows are supposed to be bad, which they aren't at all—not by any means—but this young lady of the photograph chooses to flaunt her respectability, and even goes so far as to make affidavit to the fact that she is really good."

"And you," Maggie asked, "you are bad Peter Austin?"

"That's me—bad Peter Austin, and always at your service. But that word bad is a kind of a joke, too."

MAGGIE gave a little sigh of relief. "I'm glad," she said. "But why does the pretty lady in the photograph call you bad?"

"That's because all young men who go to stage doors and take actresses to supper and try to make their rather sordid lives a little brighter and happier are supposed to be thoroughly bad."

"I see," said Maggie, "but they aren't really all bad?"

"Bless your innocent heart, no—not at all," Peter laughed—"just youthful philanthropists who love the soft cushions of taxicabs and are seized with terrible pangs of hunger about half an hour after the musical comedies are over and the young ladies of the chorus are leaving the stage doors."

Knowing little of taxicabs and less of stage doors, Maggie smiled at the young man, nodded her pretty head, and said: "Of course," and then hastened to return to a field with which she was more familiar.

"And now," she continued, "how about the frame?"

"Of course," said the young man, "the frame. I'd almost forgotten about that. Now what do you think?"

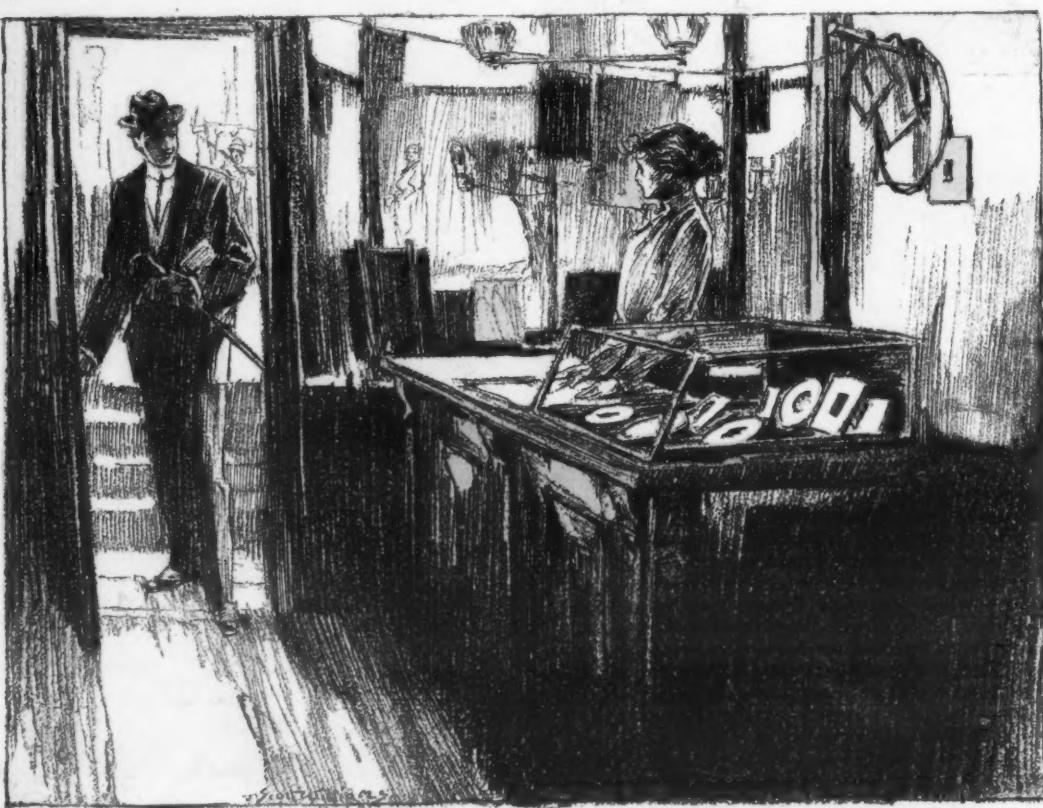
Maggie took down her samples and began to try the various strips of moldings on the edge of the photograph.

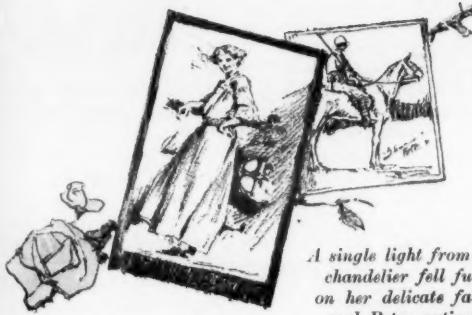
"Oak looks nice," she volunteered, "and black walnut is pretty. Of course gold would be the best of all, but gilt frames are so expensive."

Peter drew his lips into a hard line, and his smooth brow suddenly became wrinkled with apparent deep thought.

"I suppose so," he muttered, "I suppose so. How much, for instance, would a gilt frame cost?"

Maggie glanced at the picture and made a hurried mental calculation. "I should think that even a very





A single light from the chandelier fell full on her delicate face, and Peter noticed how very flushed and excited she looked

plain half-inch frame would cost a dollar and a half, anyhow."

"A dollar and a half," Peter repeated in apparent dismay, and, puckering his lips, whistled softly.

And then it suddenly occurred to Maggie that this was a kind of customer whom she had never met with before—neither a struggling artist nor the poor child of a neighbor, but a fairy prince, and that a dollar and a half was just nothing to him at all. The blood rushed to her pretty cheeks and her full-rounded throat, and with much difficulty she stammered: "I'm sorry—so sorry."

PETER quickly put out his gloved hand as if he were about to lay it consolingly on the small, delicate one of the girl that rested on the counter, and then as quickly drew it back again.

"No," he said, and for the moment his eyes were quite serious; "it's I that am sorry. I was in earnest, indeed I was, but even at a dollar and a half I think I'll have the plain gilt frame. The young lady is worthy of it."

There was something so kindly and sympathetic within in the young man's manner that Maggie forgave him at once, and the blushes faded from her cheeks as quickly as they had come.

"How soon will it be finished?" he asked.

Maggie would like to have explained that a rush of work might cause some delay, but in face of the silent, dreary little shop the excuse seemed so absurd that she dismissed it at once and promptly said: "Tomorrow night."

"Good," exclaimed Peter, "that's fine. I'll look for it then, and thank you for your interest."

He picked up his stick, raised his hat, and, with a deferential smile and a pleasant "good night," passed out into the darkening street. The echoes of the jangling bell over the door, the photograph of Miss Elsa Esmond, and a wonderful memory were all that were left to Maggie of her fairy prince.

THE next evening, when the shop had been closed, Maggie carried the photograph with its new gilt frame all carefully done up in the best wrapping paper to the house of Peter Austin. For a moment she hesitated before the big old-fashioned house on Fifth Avenue, and then going slowly up the high brownstone steps, pushed the electric button. A stalwart, imperious butler, in a most impressive livery, opened the door and, with a condescending bow, received the package from the trembling hands of the girl. Beyond the open door Maggie caught a glimpse of a broad hallway and two huge globes which cast a soft orange glow on a great white bearskin that partially concealed the glistening waxed floor. The walls were covered with tapes- tries and huge portraits in heavy golden frames—frames the like of which Maggie had never dreamed of. And then, with a mere lowering of his proud head, the butler closed the door slowly in Maggie's eager face. She glanced up and down the dark avenue with the half-defined hope that she might see the tall form of her fairy prince returning to his palace, but such good fortune was not to be hers, and so with a somewhat bewildered brain and her heart just a little numb, slowly she retraced her steps to the picture shop.

It was nearly a month later when Maggie saw Peter Austin again—just a day or two before Christmas. He came swinging in through the door just as he had done before, but this time, in addition to the envelope, evidently containing another picture, he brought a bunch of roses which, with a sprightly bow, he handed to Maggie. "A little remembrance," he said, "of the Yuletide season and my every good wish to you, Miss Kemble."

With a little gasp of pleasure, Maggie threw out her hands and took the long-stemmed roses in her own, and then for one reason or another she buried her face in the soft scarlet petals. A moment more and she was holding the flowers at arm's length and admiring them with open, smiling eyes. "I've seen roses like these," she said, "in the florist's window



around the corner, on Twelfth Street, but I never thought I should own one of them, and now just look how many there are! If you only—"

"To be exact, a round dozen," Peter interrupted, "and they came from that very shop window. I'm glad you like my little offering. And now for the second exhibit!"

From the envelope he drew a large photograph. This was also of Miss Elsa Esmond, but in many ways very different from the first picture which he had brought to the little shop. Not only was the photograph new and fresh looking, but it was a much superior example of the photographer's art, and showed the undeniable charms of the actress to infinitely greater advantage. Now she no longer wore the trig rowing togs, but a page's suit of black velvet and a plumed picture hat, set jauntily on her pretty head and but ill concealing the mass of golden curls. It was a charming study of a charming subject, and in its soft tones of sepia reminded Maggie of an old mezzotint. But even more than the easy grace and the wonderful lines of the figure, it was the expression of the girl's eyes that caused Maggie's gaze to linger for so long a time on the photograph. Never before had Maggie seen eyes that looked at one with such sincerity and frankness—eyes that were wholly unafraid and spoke only of sweetness and of a sure belief.

"That costume of Miss Esmond," said Peter, "is wonderfully effective, don't you think so?"

Maggie smiled and laid the photograph on the counter between them. "Yes, it's lovely, but I was thinking more of her eyes."

PETER seemed much pleased at Maggie's words and nodded his approval.

"Of course," he said, "of course. Any theatrical costumer can make a page's suit, but it takes twenty years of doing fine things and leaving undone ugly things to make eyes like those."

And then, as Peter could not be serious about anything for very long, he quickly changed the subject from Miss Esmond's telltale eyes to the frame, and after much discussion decided that an imitation of an old oak frame would be much the most appropriate.

When he had gone, taking with him the only rays of sunshine the picture shop had known that winter day, Maggie stood for a long time at the window, staring at the face in the picture and reading over and over again the inscription written in the same scrawling hand across the bottom. It said: "From Elsa to Peter."

Two weeks later Peter once more paid a visit to Maggie, and as he entered the little shop waved aloft the newest picture of Miss Esmond.

"She's been promoted," he cried as he displayed the photograph. "Look at that hand-painted evening gown

and the near-rhinestone tiara. That means that true art has been recognized at last, and our favorite actress is no longer a mere chorus girl but a show girl, and gets twenty-five dollars a week instead of twenty-two and a half. That's pretty good, isn't it, I ask you?"

Maggie, to whom two dollars and a half seemed a great deal of money, smiled her enthusiastic pleasure at Miss Esmond's sudden rise.

"I think it's grand," she exclaimed in a tone that carried real conviction.

"For this," said Peter, "the finest frame in the shop is none too good. We must pick out something that won't look cheap alongside of that tiara, so let's see your very best and most expensive wares."

AT LAST they settled on a broad gilt frame which, from among Maggie's modest samples, seemed the most appropriate in which to enshrine royalty as well as so much feminine loveliness.

"She's going to be a regular actress some of these days," Peter said with real enthusiasm; "believe me, a great actress. Tell your good father to put his very best work on this." And with a last glance at the fair face of the photograph and a genial smile as of complete understanding with Maggie, the fairy prince once more took his leave.

When he had gone Maggie leaned her elbows on the counter, and with her chin cupped in her palms looked down at the inscription on the picture of the girl with the coronet. "To Peter from Elsa and her love."

"I wonder," Maggie said half aloud, "if it was her success or her love that made him so wonderfully happy to-day."

The next time that Peter came to see Maggie he was not at all like the Peter of old. There was no smile either in his eyes or on his lips, and the gayety had gone out of him entirely. His manner toward Maggie was civil, but not at all friendly, as it used to be, for Peter was very young, and unwelcome events distressed him greatly and affected him as they do most young men who all of their lives have only had to express a wish to have it granted. He laid the latest photograph of Miss Esmond on the counter and sighed deeply.

"That's the last," he said, "for a long, long time."

Peter's manner had put Maggie sorely ill at ease, and so she sighed, too, and said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Austin, indeed I am."

"Thank you," said Peter; "I'm going away."

"Far?" asked Maggie.

"Pretty far—far as the Mediterranean in a yacht without a wireless. Any place seems far just now that isn't New York. To me Newark is just as distant as Cairo."

Maggie tried to look sympathetic, but under the circumstances she

(Continued on page 30)





The Shifted Burden

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN CRAMPTON



SHE WEEPED bare of scenery, the stage presented a curious assortment of human beings: a couple of acrobats, three players on zither strings, a monologuist, a singer; Trixy, a white fox terrier, sensitive ears pointing upward, perched on a suit case; and Mona Mayo, a "juvenile whirlwind," very small, very thin, very pretty, watchful eyes fastened on her mother in the center of the stage arguing with the master of Trixy and the stage manager.

Mona and Trixy, through the medium of their representatives, were fighting for a good place on the bill—namely, the place before the intermission.

"Ach, my dog is goot, very goot," exploded Trixy's master. "He blay der moosic mit his paws. He is wonderful mit his tricks. He vakes up der beoples. Yah, I am right. His place is before der intermission."

From the other side of the stage manager, Mrs. Mayo voiced: "I don't see how you can say that when Mona gets curtain calls everywhere she dances. Last week in Morrisville she was 'featured,' and—"

"Well, I can't waste all day talking about it," interrupted the stage manager. "Yes, I know Trixy ought to be a headliner, and 'the juvenile whirlwind' ought to be a headliner, and every punk performer on this stage ought to be a headliner; but somebody's got to start the show and somebody's got to cover the bald spots. Let the dog perform and the kid dance. The big place to the big act. That's fair."

MONA instantly stepped forward. "I'm ready," she said, slipping out of her coat and coolly tossing her hat to her mother. "Clear the stage and start my music."

In less than a minute the other performers had been hustled into the wings and the seductive strains of a waltz had begun to swell from the orchestra. Mona swung into position. Tiny fingers touching tiny fingers over her head, dainty chin lifted, soft lips parted, like a white-winged bird, she skinned to the center of the stage and began to dance. Her fair curls gleaming almost silver white, like sunlight on water, tossed gracefully as she pirouetted through her dexterous steps.

The performers in the wings, becoming fascinated, crowded closer; while from the darkened auditorium the stage manager called: "That's enough. You get the place, kid. You're a corker."

Trixy's master exploded with wrath; the acrobats came forward to test their apparatus; the singer began to explain her music cues to the leader of the orchestra; Trixy showed her red tongue in a prodigious yawn; Mona Mayo, self-contained and grave, put on her coat again and said to her mother:

"Now, mamma, let's see what kind of dressing rooms they have here. I won't stand for the sort of dirty hole they gave us in Morrisville."

It was Mona who investigated the various dressing rooms set in odd nooks and corners just off the stage, and Mona who had her trunks smuggled into the room next the headliners, and who claimed the room hers by right of discovery.

"I'm always thankful when Monday morning is over,"

she sighed as she and her mother left the theatre. "These two-a-day performances are the limit. I wish I could get 'featured' in something and make a hit on Broadway."

Her mother laughed. Like Mona, she was thin; unlike Mona, she was flaccid, wavering, anemic. Five years ago she had been trimming hats in a millinery shop. Then some one had noticed Mona dancing on a sidewalk, and had told Mrs. Mayo that Mona could, after a little training, win huge sums of money on the professional stage. The upshot of this had been dancing lessons for Mona; and, later, a contract for four seasons under good management. During the summer months Mona received doses of "education" from a desultory governess who read novels and ate quantities of candy. At the beginning of the present winter the golden lure of vaudeville had dazzled Mrs. Mayo. Mona was now playing "big time" at a hundred dollars a week, heading the bill in some cities, fighting for her honors in other cities.

No need to offer Mona childish bribes to win a good place; the little dancer had developed a coolness of judgment and an appreciation of artistic and financial values not to be measured by her years. And woe to the misguided individual who, blinded by her floating curls and wide eyes, attempted to caress her! Straight brows meeting over serious eyes, Mona would draw back; or, if the offender persisted, would say in icy tones: "Will you please let me pass? I don't like people to touch me."

When her act was over that afternoon, accompanied by her mother, Mona entered the stage box of the theatre and lent grave attention to the antics of the headliners, the monologuist, and Trixy.

IN VARIOUS parts of the audience people nudged one another and stared at Mona, easily recognized as the "juvenile whirlwind" by her wealth of fair hair and her obviously theatrical attire. Her slippers and stockings were pale blue silk, her dress was filmy white lace, her hat, created by her mother, was droopy white lace; altogether, outlined against the dark red curtains of the box, she presented a fascinating picture. One little girl, a freckle-faced, fat little girl dressed in sober brown, from an orchestra chair gazed open-mouthed. Mona caught the admiration. While Trixy was performing, Mona looked again at the freckle-faced little girl. These home children interested her. She never looked at them without feeling intuitively that her approach would hold them tongue-tied and that the only words she could speak to them would be distant words, such as people who have walked with royalty and lost the common touch might speak. On certain occasions when she and her mother had passed such children coming from school, Mona, experiencing vague rebellion, had been tempted to bend her pliant body and to run—run—run. She had never yielded to this temptation; not because she had been afraid, but because she was cautious

enough to realize that her mother could, and would, overtake her, also that tearfully stormy scenes would follow, and that she would be forced to comfort her mother and to explain away her own behavior. Having learned to be logical, she hated above all things the fits of martyred melancholy in which her mother was apt to indulge when crossed.

All through the rest of the performance Mona castly glances toward the freckle-faced little girl. At dinner that evening in the too-lighted café of the hotel she

was even more quiet than usual, and later, when her act had been finished, she returned to the hotel and went directly to bed—to lie for a long while with solemn eyes fastened on the ceiling and solemn meditations fastened on home children.

In the morning she was through with her bath and dressed before her mother opened her eyes. "I'll eat my breakfast by myself, mamma," Mona explained. "I saw a park across from this hotel yesterday. I'm going to walk in it. I'll be back at half past twelve."

"I'm not so sure it's safe for you to run about in a strange city," her mother demurred. "Why don't you ever wait till I've had my breakfast and can go with you?"

Mona settled her neck fur piece and picked up her muff. "Because I'd rather go by myself," she replied; and then left the room, knowing

well enough that her mother would weep over this re-tort—and then leisurely arise and dress.

It had long been a habit of Mona's to slip away for adventurous mornings. Were there parks near the hotel, she would play with the babies and talk with the nursemaids, telling them that her mother was a beautiful home person who lived in a huge white house and had heaps and heaps of jewels, and that her father came home every day in his automobile. The nursemaids always seemed to believe these tales—probably because of Mona's gorgeous attire. The babies, too, were admiringly attentive, catching at her bracelets, or the little chain purse she carried, or the beads she wore around her neck, and gurgling with delight when she dangled the chain purse up and down to make it catch the sunshine.

To-day, after eating a bowl of cereal and cream served by a pompous waiter, she went into the lobby of the hotel and inquired for hers and her mother's mail. There was only an invitation to patronize a mid-winter millinery opening in the shop that had employed her mother five years before. Mona thrust this into her muff and went from the hotel to the street. It was very much like any other street in any other city; there were the same kind of cars and wagons and automobiles and people, the same kind of cobblestones and policemen.

VERY slowly she began to walk toward the park. Halfway down the street she saw a group of little girls with books and lunch boxes. Some of them skipped as they moved forward; some of them hopped up and down. Mona quickened her steps until she was directly behind them. It was then that one of the school-goers turned, and Mona saw the freckle-faced little girl who had been at the theatre the day before. Deeply interested, Mona followed until the doors of a large public school had swallowed the little girl and her compatriots. Then Mona stood still and twirled her glittery chain purse. The school bell began to ring. Boys who had been playing marbles on the pavement roughly dusted their knees; a couple of girls, excitedly apprehensive of being late, flew by Mona and scrambled up the steps as the last note of the bell died away.

And Mona, solemn eyes following the girls, became possessed by an overwhelming, insatiable, and not to be resisted desire to go to school!

Desire was followed by decision; decision by action. Thrusting her purse into her muff and smoothing her



The nursemaids always seemed to believe these tales—probably because of Mona's gorgeous attire





curls, she walked up the steps of the public school, through the wide door into a wider hall. Here she found a multitude of doors—all open. Entering the first one, she marched to the teacher's desk.

"I've come to your school," she said.

The teacher looked over the rim of her eyeglasses at Mona and replied: "What school have you been transferred from? What grade are you in?"

"The fifth," answered Mona—her speller last summer had been marked "fifth."

"I'll send you with a note to Miss Bowen, the fifth-grade teacher. She's the last door at the end of this hall. I'm the principal."

Mona sought the fifth-grade teacher, and found a cheerful room with flowers in the windows and rows of smiling children.

"I've come to your school," Mona said to Miss Bowen. "Here's a note from the principal. I'm to be in the fifth grade."

Miss Bowen held out a warm hand. "I'll be glad to have you, dear," she said, after reading the note. "What is your name?"

For the fraction of a second Mona hesitated; then she said: "Jennie Jones."

Miss Bowen squeezed Mona's hand. "Couldn't your mother come with you on your first day, Jennie?"

"No."

"Never mind, then; tell mother I'll get you beautifully fixed." Drawing Mona nearer, Miss Bowen plied her with the usual questions—questions Mona either parried or replied to—until she had become a child of rich parents who until very lately had lived magnificently in New York. With some bewilderment in her face, Miss Bowen gave Mona a desk, filled her inkstand, supplied her with books, pencils, and paper.

THROUGH a busy hour Mona worked out problems and read lessons from the blackboard. At ten o'clock recess she played a game of hopscotch with the freckle-faced little girl, who at first accepted Mona as merely a new playmate and then began to worship her from a respectful distance.

"My mother is very, very beautiful and has heaps of jewels," Mona confided to several little girls. "My mother lives in a big white house with lace curtains at every window. My father has an automobile. He is handsome, too, and every night he brings me candy and things. Whenever I want to, I have parties."

The little girls drew closer.

"I shall have a party next week," Mona announced. "I shall have a present for each guest. My mother will wear pink satin trimmed with pearls. I shall wear a diamond necklace."

This was enough to make them flatten themselves to the ground and crawl to her feet. The freckle-faced little girl humbly offered her half of a green pickle. Other little girls begged her to become their chum.

Back in the schoolroom, she won Miss Bowen's heart by her seriously fierce application to her studies. When the bell for noon recess sounded she tidied up her desk, placed her books in a neat row, fell in line with the other children, put on her coat and hat in the cloak room, and, outside, slipped away from the freckle-faced little girl and walked slowly back to the hotel.

At lunch when asked where she had been, Mona distracted her mother's attention by producing the invitation to the millinery opening.

"I think it would be nice to go, mamma," she said. "Your everyday hat is getting shabby and one of these fourteen-dollar toques would suit you very well."

"We'll go after the performance," her mother agreed. "I'd like to see Miss Hoover again and tell her how finely we're doing. Won't her eyes open over a hundred a week!"

WHEN they entered Miss Hoover's shop later in the day, they found her drawing linen covers over her show cases of artificial flowers. She greeted them with exclamations of surprise.

"Of all people!—Mrs. Mayo and Mona!" she cried. "Come right in and sit down. How are you getting along?"

Mrs. Mayo tilted her head toward Mona. "She's making a hundred dollars a week."

"No! Mona?" Miss Hoover surveyed the little figure and then held out her hand. "Come over here and kiss me," she cried. Mona went reluctantly. When she lifted her face, Miss Hoover pinched each cheek between her

fingers, adding: "Mercy! what's the child so solemn about?"

"Mona's like that," sighed Mrs. Mayo. "She's awfully queer. Sometimes she'll go for hours without speaking."

"Well, you can't expect perfection. Maybe her big wages kind of weigh her down—bless her little heart!" Miss Hoover held Mona's hand, patting it softly—until the child quietly withdrew it—and showing Mrs. Mayo her latest "creations."

When Mrs. Mayo admired a purple toque, the genial milliner thrust it into her hands, saying: "Take it; and don't look at the price mark. I can afford to give presents every now and then, even if I'm not rolling in money. I've always remembered the good work you put into my business—I never did see such talent for making hats out of nothing. If you ever get tired of carting Mona around the country, just come back here and I'll pay you tidy wages."

LAUGHING, Mrs. Mayo thanked her former employer and then bade her good-by. In the street, she laughed again. "The idea of her offering me work!" she scoffed.

"It was very nice of her to give you the purple

When Mona saw the teacher, she stopped dancing, stared for a minute across the space of playground, suddenly caught up her hat and coat—she had flung them off to dance—ran through the gateway, and off up the street. Nobody followed her. After the first block nobody noticed her, until she appeared flushed and panting in the hotel, and her mother rose from before a desk in the writing room.

"Mona!" she cried. "What's the matter? What have you been doing?"

For a minute it seemed as if the child might fling herself on her mother, might cling to her mother as children should cling, and pour out her heart. Only a minute—during which she looked up with widened eyes. Then she put her hand to her throat, swallowed hard, and said:

"Don't be scared, mamma. I've been limbering up by running. Last night in my second dance I was as stiff as a board."

When the next morning came Mona sought the park. It was a brisk, sunshiny day; nursemaids and babies were legion. Yet Mona found scant pleasure abroad. Seating herself apart from everyone, she swung her patent-leathered feet and scowled. At the theatre that afternoon she found fault with the dressing room, tore one of her best costumes by jerking away when her mother fastened it, and danced like a furious little storm cloud chasing across a wintry sky. During her first dance she saw some one come down the middle aisle of the orchestra, and, heart bounding, recognized the fifth-grade teacher. All through the rest of her act she felt Miss Bowen's eyes—bewildered—amazed—follow her every movement.

WHEN she was taking off her costume a knock sounded on the door, and a second later Miss Bowen's face smiled upon her from the shadows beyond the dressing room.

"It is Jennie!" cried Miss Bowen. And then, brushing past the surprised Mrs. Mayo, "Why didn't you come to school this morning, Jennie, and why did you run away after you danced at recess?"

Mona shook her curls over her face; she had no words for this emergency. Miss Bowen turned to Mrs. Mayo. It took them nearly five minutes to arrive at any kind of an understanding. When Miss Bowen learned that Mona had been slipping off to school without her mother's knowledge, she crossed the dressing room and put an arm about the child's neck.

"You poor little darling," she murmured.

Instantly Mona twisted away, shrinking back against the make-up shelf until the full glare of the electric lights fell upon her face and made her cosmetic-fringed eyes glow like burning coals.

MRS. MAYO apologized for what she called Mona's rudeness, adding:

"I never was so surprised in all my life. Think of her going to school like that, and calling herself Jennie Jones when she's got such a beautiful real name, and telling you—Why, I don't know what to make of it."

Glancing toward Mona and then back again to her mother, Miss Bowen shook her head. "It's hard to know what to make of children," she confessed. "In this case it looks as if—But I'm afraid I'm intrusive."

"Oh, go on; don't mind me." Mrs. Mayo endeavored to smile at the school-teacher, and succeeded in merely twisting her lips. "But if you're going to hint that Mona doesn't like her work, you'll be wasting words, because Mona loves to dance. Don't you, Mona?"

Mona nodded, fair curls falling over her face.

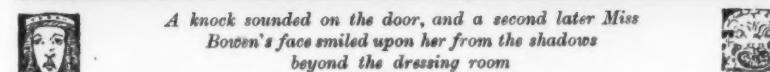
"Then everything's all right." Embarrassed, Miss Bowen turned to the door. "Good-by," she added; "if Jennie ever gets tired of dancing I hope you'll let her come to my school."

THE door closed gently behind her. Mona busied herself with a jar of cold cream. Her mother hung up several costumes. From the next dressing room the tones of Trixy's master could be heard. Trixy had failed to make good that afternoon.

"Ach, you blay der moosic like von fool. You get no dinner ven you blay like dis. You get vippings. Vat you tink we live on ven you blay like dis? Vat you tink you are—von leetle French poodle mit some one to comb your hair? You must blay der moosic und do der tricks to live; in dis town, und der next town, und der next. Vake up, I tell you! Vake up!"



A knock sounded on the door, and a second later Miss Bowen's face smiled upon her from the shadows beyond the dressing room



toque," replied Mona. "It's funny that people always give us things when you tell them how much I'm earning."

Mona thought a good deal about school that evening, and when morning came she yielded to the temptation to become Jennie Jones by getting up early, having the pompous waiter put up a sandwich and an apple, and by joining the children flocking along toward school. Miss Bowen greeted her with pleasure; between lessons, the freckle-faced little girl whispered that she was going to wear a be-u-tiful sash to Jennie's party. During the ten o'clock recess an organ grinder stopped before the school and began to play. Some of the children went on with their games; the freckle-faced little girl hopped up and down; Mona sat on the school steps and held her feet.

But the call of the music was stronger than her will. Springing up, she fluttered down the steps and began to dance. Such dancing! The wind and the sunshine inspired her. She turned about on her toes, and whirled, and kicked, and twirled, until the children, open-mouthed, formed a circle around her, and the organ grinder, having finished one tune, excitedly began another and then another.

In the middle of it, Miss Bowen appeared on the threshold of the schoolhouse door—and became transfixed.





Tea and Talk with the Circus

IT IS not every week in the year that one may sip tea side by side with the ladies of the circus. Think of it! To take cream, please, in the company of Aerial Heroines! To choose the same wafers chosen by Daring Equestriennes! To pass another lump to Unequalled Exemplars of the Strenuous Life!

Teas are not a specialty of the circus ladies, and it remained for suffrage to win them over. The Woman's Political Union invited them to an informal afternoon while in New York City, and, for reasons best known to the press agent, they accepted. "Go," quoth he. "The papers will report that, and we can't get so much as a stick full any more on the elephants' bad temper, and they haven't all done justice to the christening of the baby giraffe." Who laughs last laughs best. For press purposes, they yawned and accepted, but they came away, thrills within, badges and buttons without. It was at the tea I met them; there they cast their spell upon me; thence I followed them.

It was some tea.

The Strong Lady slung her lionine eyes around toward the sugar bowl and decided that two lumps were not within the province of a lady of the daintiest refinement—for the Herculean Venus shows such refinement, even to the pretty and feminine twirls with which she lifts gentlemen, three at a time, including her husband, and delicately toys with them, as a less Herculean Venus might toy with a bunch of rosebuds.

MRS. FLORENCE, a sturdy matron who guides the acrobatic feats of the "Seven Flosses" and could do a hand-spring out the fortieth story of a skyscraper and come up smiling on the curb below, owned frankly to the appetite which a life of such hand-springs develops, and heartily accepted a second slice of coconut cake.

Little Miss Victoria Davenport, so slender and dainty and French-china-like in her wee posy bonnet, all spring violets and tulle bows, said "Lemon, please," with such pretty authority, and stood balancing the cup so skillfully while she delicately sipped and nibbled, that one would have thought her life to be a round of teas instead of a round of Dexterous Displays of Bareback Equitation.

Indeed, it was some tea. The complete list of Among Those Present would glitter like a laden Christmas tree. We know them in pink and lavender and green tights and spangles; we worship from afar while they somersault on the bare white backs of galloping steeds, swing from a trapeze's sheer height, poise and leap and risk their necks. And here they were in taffeta coat dresses and satin hats and neat gloves, exactly like the rest of us, and my heart went pitapat at the thought that Absolutely the World's Greatest Bareback Rider whom I had witnessed Exhibiting Feats of Equestrianism Never Attempted by Any Other Lady was sitting beside me, and that I was surreptitiously studying the felicity with which a bunch of impudent cherries was introduced into her hat's trimming.

Having thus met them, there was no stopping here. I must follow. I had clasped hands that perform trapeze miracles, had exchanged chat with hair-raising heroines. The glamour beset me, and from that day on I haunted the woman's dressing room of Madison Square Garden, and at last, when a spring day blew in at the windows and the word came that it was canvas and the road once more, I still followed into the gypsy world, where a tent is half of home and a Pullman-car section is the other half.

I HAD seen them in their Sunday silks. When next I came upon Absolutely the World's Greatest she was ironing out some tights, while Mrs. Wallace, the wardrobe mistress, stood near her folding a baby's dress. The leading lady of La Troupe Lamar, who Defies the Laws of Gravitation and Flies Like a Winged Bird across the Dome of the Arena or Is Tossed from Hand to Hand Like a Human Rubber Ball, was performing the still more difficult feat of mending a corset. And Miss Bradna, who gives a Delightful, Daring and Delectable Demonstration upon a Mettled Horse, was—oh, shattered illusions!—searching through her dresser trunk for more handkerchiefs, having been gripped by an ordinary and nonembellishing cold.

The woman's half of the great dressing tent looks somewhat like a missionary sewing society. I said somewhat. The style of costume worn is markedly different, I grant, from that in vogue in any missionary society I ever attended. But to come upon a score or two of ladies in informal chat, all plying their needles at once—what could be a more gently homespun and familiar scene?

For these stars of the arena are no pampered idlers. No maid trots in their wake to pick up scattered stitches. All their mending is done by their own hands, and some even make costumes. Repairs are constant; a performer never leaves the ring without a rip or a tear somewhere, and occasionally there is complete wreck, especially if the ring is muddy.

Mrs. Florence was seeking a spool of yellow silk. "I make all the costumes my girls and I wear, and that

"But why so many costumes?" I inquired.

"It helps the work. We work better if we keep changing colors. Keep a troupe in pink all the time and they'll get so tired of pink that they'll drag through their act. Sometimes, if things are getting dull, I order a change at every performance. Jump from blue to yellow and it always brisks things up."

The psychology of dress is ever an enticing subject, and never have I found it more so than among these ladies of hairbreadth escapes, whose very necks may hang upon the stimulation of orange tights. They gathered buzzing about the honeyed theme. "There's nothing I like so well's pink," asserted the handsome Mrs. Sylban, who had flung aside the emerald robe of Cleopatra for the roseate tights in which she would later be Playfully Tossed Across a Yawning Chasm in what the dressing room terms an Eerial P'fo'mance. "Pink seems to be lucky—it keeps off accidents."

"I never fell yet in red," put in Miss Davenport, and an echo of French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese hummed through the room, the universal language of dress blending this babel of women's tongues.

"I not sink ze cloze matter," said Miss Victoria Codona, famed for her Mexican type of beauty and her slack-wire miracles. "If I fall, I fall. Wance I fall—I was crezzie wan hour—wan hour I not know what I sink—it was not ze cloze, it was here—" tapping her forehead. "I mus' walk not wiz ze feet but wiz ze haid—here." Again the idea of concentration expressed itself in a tap. "If my haid forget, ze cloze cannot save."

"Yes, if you fall, you fall," thoughtfully summarized a rider, and now a new theme had galloped up and we were off upon one of those subjects which are as engrossing to these women as shopping discussions to those of another world.

DAY after day the circus woman dons her tinsel, slips on the heavy wooden "slop shoes" over her satin pumps, and so, with perhaps a "By-by, girls," and a nod to the wardrobe mistress, she shuffles out from the dressing tent to the ring, blows a kiss to the audience at large, and takes her life in her hands. She does not think of this fact consciously, as a rule; but subconsciously the knowledge is with each one that some day, perhaps, she will be like the little girl who once was hustled out of a circus ring so fast that the audience hardly noticed—and then a gaudy kimono was thrown over her face—and instead of her slop shoes returning when the whistle blew, men's feet tramped, and the circus doctor found no work for him when he got there. Get to know these women and you find that under all their easy light-heartedness, their gypsy spirit, is a sort of smoldering dread like that of the people who live in earthquake countries. You see it, for one thing, in the keen way they take up the subject of accidents.

"The worst I ever fell was once the net broke," said a trapeze performer.

"I'd just as soon have it break as to fall bad in it," put in another. "Remember that time I bit my lip? Felt like my chin was knocked right up through the top of my head. My lower teeth cut my upper lip till it had to be sewed up clear across."

I LEARNED then that the art of falling in the net is as difficult as any part of the performance; for so great is its elasticity that if a performer "falls bad," say in a standing position, the knees may be shot straight up to the chin and a knockout blow may result. To learn to come into the net prostrate, as in a hammock, is no small trick.

A saucy little rider came in panting and flung off the fluttering veil in which she had been racing for the delectation of Mark Antony.

"I never fell but once, but, gee, that was a buster!" she joined in. "Head split open," she added, and the refined air which the dressing tent struggles to maintain shuddered and murmured: "What language?" For the sore point with the circus lady is the assumption that she is "rough." "We are perfect ladies, but the world won't believe it," is the attitude, and it's a bit pathetic to see the eagerness with which these women seek to annul the masculinity of their talent by all the



When next I came upon Absolutely the World's Greatest she was ironing out some tights, while Mrs. Wallace, the wardrobe mistress, was folding a baby's dress

means six or seven apiece," she said, settling down to her thimble in motherly fashion. Her sister, the Bride of the Circus, took up another thimble to help.

APPALLED at the labor, I looked closely at the costumes—and grew more appalled. There hung before me a yellow skirt of the typical circus cut—the cut which makes these ladies look like double petunias walking upside down. The traditional tarlatan is a myth; several plaited petticoats of percale were topped by a silk skirt elaborately trimmed with gold braid and wired out to full bloom by bonnet wire. It is this wiring at the edge of the skirt which prevents crushing, so that when the ladies don their long kimonos over the ring dresses and trip out from the dressing tent they look like a procession of pretty little barrels on end.

the Ladies of

By SARAH COMSTOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

feminine fripperies they can muster. The Strong Lady, having overwhelmed the muscle of mere man, goes forth on Sunday aware with willow plumes. Miss Bradna, who can put to rout the stubbornest horse, embroiders dainty scented cases for her lingerie. Flowers and perfumes and veils they adore.

It was my misfortune to pass through a period of profound grief with these athletic friends of mine. Word spread that Whiskers had been stolen. He is the black French poodle which accompanies Mrs. Dekoe in her balancing act, and he is the idol of the woman's dressing room, never leaving his mistress's trunk except to lead her into the ring.

One black day Mrs. Dekoe came alone. Whiskers had been snatched on Broadway. Sighs were heaved, tears were shed; Mrs. Dekoe wept that she should not even have his skin to cherish, as she had always planned for the days when he should be no more. But now not alone the spirit, even the skin, of Whiskers had taken flight.



The Strong Lady swung her leonine eyes around toward the sugar bowl

blow down came I found out what Whiskers was made of. You see everybody was running, and the poles were loose and thumping around, and I was making up at my dresser trunk, and I remembered what my husband had told me—that the best thing to do is to lie down on the ground behind the trunk, then the poles can't hit you when they jump up in the air. So while everybody else ran I lay down, and Whiskers came and lay right on top of me, like he was going to ward off the poles, and he wouldn't leave that spot till I did."

Blow down! The faintest sound of the word starts reminiscences in every corner of the room. The blow down is the bogey man of the circus people. A pole, uprooted by the bellying of the canvas to which it is attached above, may deal even a death blow. To go on with a ring performance while the poles dance threateningly within an inch of your eyes, maybe—and to keep up the jaunty air demanded by a hungry audience—maybe it looks easy. These women recall one of their most complete blow downs in a South Dakota "twister" when the warnings which the elephants invariably give had been disregarded, and the rains descended and the floods came along with the wind, which laid flat all the tents, and every blossoming tinsel skirt clung like a wet kitten's fur, and the sun, returning, looked down upon the prairie, every limb available on every bush and tree blooming with blue and pink and yellow tights and ruffled skirts.

ENTERING one day at a badly chosen moment, I was almost bowled over by a whirlwind of Ambassadress, Noblewomen, Captive Girls, Fair Racers, Flower Girls, Fish Women, and Ballet Dancers. It was that hurricane moment when the spectacle comes to an end and everybody makes a dash for the dressing tents. The wardrobe women rushed here and there, picking up shed costumes, folding them away; the ballet girls were hurrying for their street suits, released until the next performance; the stars of the spectacle were casting away regal robes preparatory to donning tights and wired skirts. Through the rushing and chattering of the human hurricane came the wailing sobs of a girl who limped miserably, tears staining her classical garments. In a second Mrs. Wallace, the wardrobe mistress and big sister to everybody, had her on a property chest. "What's the matter, honey?"

"One of the h-h-horses—stepped on—on my f-f-foot!" broke through the wails, and within five minutes Mrs. Wallace had her helped off to the ballet dressing tent, and she herself was bringing the ever-available circus doctor, who repaired damages in double-quick time. Another five minutes and she was back with her assistants, who were looking over the costumes shed by the passing hurricane and repairing damages to silk and spangles. "Every performance ends with a lot o' wreckage," said Mrs. Wallace cheerily. "Spangles get lost and robes get torn, and often enough somebody gets hurt, but we all keep on smilin'!"

"That's right. 'Twon't take me long to mend that peacock hat," clucked Mrs. Talbot like a motherly hen.

"I've sewed a good many acres o' spangles," Mother Talbot added later in the afternoon when the storm of the spectacle (always referred to as the Spec in circus circles) had blown over. Once, fearing that I might not understand the technical term, a rider corrected herself and carefully spoke of it as the Spectacle. The wardrobe women were quietly settling down to work. "Twenty-three years I've been with the circus," Mrs. Talbot ran on. "I danced till I was forty-eight. And now I'm sixty-six. I've seen three managers die—old Mr. Barnum and then Mr. Bailey and now Mr. Ringling. And I've had all the troubles of my own there was comin' to me—but I've always swalluhed 'em. Every blow down's got a silver linin', that's my motto."

She paused to hum a little cracked hum in cheery accompaniment to the music that was inspiring the great white barebacks in the Big Top beyond.

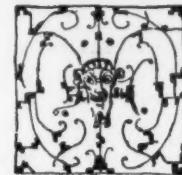
"Tum-tum-tum tum!" She sewed a large emerald. "Yes, I've had 'em—plenty o' troubles—but I've always swalluhed 'em. I got thin doin' it. Hello there, Josie, wait till I get younger, I'll beat you somersaultin' on that old horse! Yes, folks stand troubles better when they let 'em out. But I was bound to swalluh 'em. I wasn't goin' to have anybody sayin': 'Here she comes again!' Tum-tum-tum tum! I always like that tune, don't you? Makes me feel like sassy parilla in the spring. There ain't no music in the world like the circus band."

IF the power were in me to immortalize a new Mrs. Wiggs, my Mrs. Wiggs should be Mrs. Talbot of the Circus, and a fresh philosopher should dawn upon a weary world. A dancer until age forced her out of the profession, she took to wardrobe work—and she is not mistress at that, only a toiling assistant who sews on the spangles that others glitter in. But she has a joke for every man, woman, child, and dog around the tent; a bottle of arnica for every bruise, and a tum-tum-tum for every tune the band plays.

"Seems like I always feel queer in the winter when I'm indoors so much. It's more natchel to me to feel canvas over me," the little old wanderer said, chewing gum, sewing, tum-tumming all together.

Mrs. Wallace, "Rosie" to all, the plump, charming, capable young mistress of the wardrobe, laid down a queenly robe she was working on to pick up a small bundle of wails. The bundle immediately changed to one of joyful gurgles. It was Katherine, familiarly known as Tiddle-de-winks, the year-and-a-half-old daughter of Mrs. Wallace and the Baby of the Circus.

"There, there, we'll have a dancin' lesson!" soothed Mrs. Talbot, and while pretty "Rosie" placed her baby on the floor, the old lady curved her arms and tripped



The old lady curved her arms and tripped a measure on lean but nimble ankles

a measure on lean but nimble ankles, the baby kicking and gesturing in gleeful response. "I'm teachin' her!" chuckled the old lady. "She'll be a dancer yet!"

The band set up a fresh tune, a zipping, ripping air that tautened nerves in the ring, in the spectators. Katherine burst into peals of gurgles, tossed her arms, sprang like a bouncing ball.

"There's circus in her," Mrs. Talbot nodded sagely. And circus in her there surely is. At eighteen months she thrives on the air of it—the smell of hay and horses, the yapping of trained dogs, the easy good fellowship of acrobats and riders, the ever-shifting gypsy soul of it. If that baby's future isn't as narrow as a ring and as wide as the stretch from Bridgeport, Conn., to California, if her life doesn't march to the tune of the traveling band, then there's nothing in present indications given by Miss Katherine.

"She's crazy to go out for a ride, but her go-cart's broken," observed Mrs. Wallace. And at that moment in heaved a giant, one of the handy men about the show who put up poles and seats and make themselves generally useful. He was a Brobdingnag and his voice was like some of the voices caged in the further tent.

"What's broke?" he bellowed. "Just been puttin' a wheel on the rhino's cage. Reckon I can put a wheel on this."

The expert of the rhino's cage then turned his skill to the little go-cart, bending hugely above it, and the circus was ready for the march once more—Infant, Rhino, and all. It's turn a hand and lend a hand in the world of these jolly folk, and everybody's a friend.



I was making up at my dresser trunk, and I remembered what my husband had told me

the World's Greatest is only a little fifteen-year-old girl, May—braids down her back—but the whole show stops and holds its breath for her act. All the rings are cleared, distracting clowns banished, the music takes on locomotor ataxia with a hysterical rise to a climax of complete paralysis, and out ride the two long lines of mounted and gorgeous cavaliers. A palpitating moment, and down the line, between the drawn-up cavaliers, dashes this little girl.

"It's a stunning entrance," I said. "I was all excitement, wondering what was coming."

Miss May laid down the slop shoes she was putting



United States Marines Leaving the Railroad Station at Managua, Nicaragua

Marines of the United States Navy, acting under the general command of Admiral Southerland, engaged in active warfare at the cost of several lives in aiding the government of Nicaragua to suppress a revolution headed by General Mena and General Zeledon. The latter was killed and the former arrested in Panama. At one time 2,400 marines were ashore under arms, engaged in protecting property. The most serious situation began September 15, when marines were fired upon as they sought to open the line to Granada. The chief casualties were at the entry of Leon, October 4, when two sailors from the Colorado and a marine were killed and three wounded.



The Seat of War

The wild and semidesert country of Montenegro and Turkey-in-Europe is the setting for the opening engagements of the war in the Balkans, which broke out on October 9. The picture shows the almost barren nature of the country and the low rolling hills. The costume of the Bulgarian soldier in the picture is similar to that of Montenegro. Columns of soldiers can be seen advancing over the hill.

Since Music Came

"Our home evenings are the real treat"

Betty and I have repaired all the broken fences of our Promised Land. No, old man, we shall never blow up our "till-death-us-do-part."

We have our show evenings just the same; our bridge evenings just the same; our gadding-about evenings, too, but they are ten times as good now BECAUSE WE HAVE SOMETHING ELSE BETWEEN and because that something else is the greatest thing in the world.

Our home evenings are the real treat. Yes, that's what I said, home—HOME. It may not be fashionable to have one, but it's what we want; and we have a home now—not merely a place to live in.

I get comfortable in the rich old Uncle Peter chair and glow all over with a sense of completeness as my pipe begins to draw. Betty sits before the keys of the Pianola Piano, for all the world like a real hand-pianist, and then she's ready:

It's usually one of the White Light hits to begin with—and it's odd how exquisite they are on the Pianola. You don't really get them when they are whistled or sung, you know. It's the wonderful orchestration effect of the grouped chords of the accompaniment that supports the melody when Betty plays it at home—it's the perfection of technique in all the treble ornamentation that makes a delicious thing out of the air itself—it's that clear, faultless articulation of precise, yet flowing melody—it's all these things together that enable one to appreciate what exceptional things these popular song writers really do—or perhaps the Pianola arrangement improves on the original.

Anyway, it's like the snap and brightness of a clear day in May, when it's just warm enough, and the air has been washed clean and fit to swallow, by yesterday's rain, and all the blossoms are out, and the country is just a great flower garden.

It puts us in tune, Betty and me, and after we have had three or four of these sunlit bits, we are ready for the real greatness of music—the big, world-wide, humanizing, soul-swelling things that we never knew before—and we are in tune.

Betty and I are the mute, inglorious, Milton type. We don't express ourselves well—except perhaps, in slang. I can't find in my mental works the poet's phrases to tell Betty how adorable she is and what she means to me. But we do feel it—we just can't say it because we lack the facility of expression, and you've GOT to say it, my boy, and she's got to say it, if you both hope to stay in the Promised Land.

Grieg says it for us—Chopin says it for us—Mozart sings it for us, with a divine fire that almost tears my heart out at times, and I crown my girl the princess of all the world with the great big tenderness that comes to me as I listen and watch her there at the keys, and know that every bar of the music tells her what I feel and carries every beat of her heart to me.

Oh, the wonders the Masters have wrought! They have caught the soft glint of the moonlight on the water and painted it in the rhythmic waves and crystal clearness of their melodies. They have let the surge and storm of the whole wide world, the knowledge of life and its fullness, love and its sublimities, its sorrows, its triumphs, and its sacrifices, into the crashing chords, the wild, sweet, beauty-notes of the conception and expression of genius.

They lift us poor mortals of Everyday up to their own divine heights, when we will listen. Surely this is a magic instrument which gives us the very soul-triumph of a Master of all the Masters, at the finger touch of a simple girl.

Betty can't play a note—her strong, white fingers are for golf, tennis, rowing, bridle-reins—not for the wonder-manipulation of piano keys. Still as she sways the little pointer from side to side, interpreting the music as the Master created it in his soul, his own touch, his own conception, expression, rendition, and, best of all, his mastery, are there, and pour forth in those sound-waves.

Glory! that's it! It isn't just a world any more, when one of those stately anthems rolls out in billowing waves of harmony to enfold us in a land of dreams.

And Betty! When the last note ends as softly as a falling rose leaf, Betty sits there with her dear little head drooped, her face flushed and rosy, the most splendid dewy moisture in her eyes, and she just wants to put her head on my shoulder, and I know it, and I'm King. I say it gently "Betty, come here," and without a word she comes. She cuddles on my big awkward knees and her head slips into that place on my shoulder, and all I can say is "Oh, my dear. My very, very dearest dear."

That moment is worth every dollar we have in the world and all I can earn for years to come. We're no longer two young people half spoiled by the modern way of living—I'm a man, and Betty, bless her!—is a woman, a real one, and music has done it for us through the medium of that great instrument which is just rounding out the happiness of our lives.

Bless the Pianola Piano, say I, and bless the man who, in creating it, has made a real home for Betty and me, and for all the other thousands of young people throughout this whole wide world of ours.

There are descriptions which ring so clearly with truth that we wonder if they are not drawn from personal experience. The Man and Betty, music and dreams—the episode is typical! And, as their hearts are drawn closer and their lives more tightly interwoven by the magic of music, there comes the thought of the pity, the sheer pity, of the homes that are not homes—that have no such unifying element of common interest to brighten and sweeten home life.

And then there is the other pity of the homes that have made a mistake—that have just missed the pleasure that they might as well have had—for there is no purchase in the world in which a mistake can be more easily made than in choosing a player-piano.

Player-pianos are divided into two classes—those which contain the genuine PIANOLA, and are called PIANOLA Player-pianos, and those which contain other player-actions and are, therefore, just Player-pianos with this or that piano name.

We make the genuine PIANOLA, and we put it into but six pianos—the best in the world at their respective prices.

For more than twelve years we have been developing our PIANOLA. During this time we have spent more thousands of dollars simply experimenting than we like to think of.

We have made it so it will not sound mechanical, even when Betty or someone else, who knows nothing of music, plays it.

Betty, or the Man, or any one can play the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano and get all the little subtle effects that make real music.

This is why the great musicians like Paderewski, Richard Strauss, and Josef Hofmann and Rosenthal, and Moszkowski and over three hundred others, welcome the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano as a serious musical instrument.

And this is why you must be careful when you come to choose a Player-piano to see that you are getting the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano, with its Metrostyle, Themodist, and other exclusive and important features that show you how to play real music like a real musician.

PIANOLA Player-pianos are furnished in both Grand and Upright styles, and are priced as low as \$550, with very moderate monthly terms of payment. They are for sale in your city only at one store. Write us and we will tell you the name of this store, and also send you a very interesting catalog, giving you styles and prices and other information about the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano—Address Dept. T.

- The Aeolian Company is represented in all the principal cities of the world and maintains its own establishments in the following cities:

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"Betty, come here"

To Skid Or Not To Skid



HEAVY CAR TYPE TOWN CAR TREAD NEW FISK TIRE

The Fisk Town Car Tread Tire is a positive non-skid tire, furnishing on wet pavements and slippery streets, the protection for which every motorist is looking. Substantial and effective in appearance, this tire com-

bines the strength, the quality and the exclusive features that are found always in the famous **Heavy Car Type Construction**—the construction that has earned for Fisk Tires their reputation for exceptional mileage and long service.

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**Write today—
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You may be one of those who are looking for a dentifrice that is pleasant to use as well as efficient. If you are, send us 2 cents in stamps and we will mail you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the dentifrice without a "druggy" taste.

You will be as pleased with the delicious flavor as with the sense of wholesome cleanliness it gives your mouth.

Ribbon Dental Cream checks decay-germs, corrects acidity and cleans the teeth thoroughly and safely.

Your dealer has it—or send us the 2c for a trial tube and our booklet, "Oral Hygiene."

COLGATE & CO. Dept. W 199 Fulton Street, New York

New Plays in the East

(Continued from page 14)

in the costumes and faces and point of view of the characters—still more, the background of known past experience against which the present is played, give the spectator a sense of extraordinary farsightedness and understanding.

Among the moments which, it struck me, Mr. Thackeray might have been willing to include in the play it was always his sorrow he could not write, is the curtain of the second act when Emily gives up the man she loves. Her Aunt Gertrude, a spirited beauty in the first act, an old maid now, with one thing in her life to live for—Emily—and one hope, that the girl will have the spirit not to make the wreck of her life that she has made—Aunt Gertrude, beaten down in her fight against the smug tyranny of the family and Emily's dread of a "scene," has left them at last with a heart-broken "Oh—what's the use!" Then they gather round that unchangeable British institution, the afternoon tea table, and "Emily will pour for us," purrs the fond mother, still sure as she was twenty-five years ago that whatever John Rhead says is right. Fresh pink young Emily, choking her sobs, staggers across, followed by her precious, padded, patched-up lord. There is a moment's silence. "Well"—booms John Rhead. "Tea, Emily. Tea!" and down goes the curtain. There is more tragedy in that "Tea!" than in a whole fusillade of such shots as brings down the final curtain on Mr. Eugene Walter's new play.

A PLAY ABOUT HYPNOTISM

"**THE CASE OF BECKY**," which appeared in Chicago and elsewhere last season, and is now seen in New York for the first time, has several reasons for being interesting. Its principal character is a girl with two distinct personalities—the gentle Dorothy and the

coarse and impish Becky, and the main business of the play is the gradual strengthening of the good personality and weakening of the bad, until Becky is finally "killed" and put out of the way, forever. This provides a central figure—the more interesting for being founded on an actual case of recent years—of unusual novelty. The cure is effected through hypnotism, and as a second novelty we are introduced to the laboratory and sanitarium of a specialist in mental disorders and see hypnotism practiced, not as by the charlatans of the rural stage, but as it might be used, for instance, by a Dr. Weir Mitchell or Professor Münsterberg. Then, further, there is a fresh melodramatic plot—the fight of wits and wills between a "good" hypnotist and a villainous one, and the destruction, through hypnotic suggestion, of the latter's evil power over the heroine, and to bring it all together excellent acting and Mr. Belasco's skill in creating atmospheres. We have felt compelled at times to quarrel with his photographic accuracy when it was merely a disarming outside to inner insincerity, but for the room in Dr. Emerson's house in which the two first acts take place there can be nothing but praise. Its warmth and comfort and air of having been lived in are an invaluable foil to the creepy nature of what goes on therein. Every detail has some reason for being—you should see how subtly "comic relief" is obtained—especially in the next, the laboratory scene—by making the big, good-natured, "wholesome" young assistant grin to himself at especially trying moments as if to suggest to the spectators not to worry, that everything's coming out all right.

Miss Frances Starr gives the principal part poignant reality, and she is very capably supported by Mr. Albert Bruning as Dr. Emerson and Mr. Charles Dalton as the villainous hypnotist.

New Plays in the West

(Continued from page 15)

his play. Wives do drive their husbands to live beyond their means, and we can accept Bob and Mrs. Reynolds as symbols and let it go at that. Well, here they are, scrimping and struggling along, with the young wife buying a new hat instead of paying the butcher's bill and not daring to tell her husband she has been to the matinée, when along comes an old friend of the husband, a successful business man now, with a solution of all their troubles. He is interested in the building of a big dam, the architect for which has specified a certain superior quality of cement. Ordinary cement, says he, is quite good enough and will last a hundred years, and if Bob, as expert, will let the ordinary quality go through it will save \$200,000, \$40,000 of which will be his.

The young fellow refuses, naturally—that's stealing. The capitalist, keen, magnetic, with a hearty frankness which disarms less forceful men, laughs this aside as absurd. "It's merely picking up the loose ends of a business deal—and it's picking up loose ends that's made the American millionaire." And he goes on to crush the young man with the argument that it isn't work that makes money—for the worker—the only thing that makes money is money—and unless you have some to turn over and make more you will be working for some one else all your life. And the wife, by the half-open door, overhears all.

The spectator will not admire her when she emerges, after the business man has gone, and protesting against her husband's scruples, whines that when she heard of all that money "she was like a child with a new Christmas tree, and you kicked it out because you don't believe in Christmas trees!" and he will wonder if a young woman, with the innate fineness of feeling she is supposed to have, would even have made that bargain with the business man, under which she was to do all she could to influence her husband—"and you've no idea what a sensible woman can do with her husband"—and in return be "sort of put on the pay roll." Mr. Walter asks a good deal of his nice girl from up-State. However that may be, the desperate, driven husband surrenders at last. "I'll get my money first and reform afterward, like the rest of 'em!" he cries, and lets the cement contract go through.

Then the tragedy begins. He is not, as his friend, the "Evening Post" reporter,

says, one of those who can do wrong and get away with it. He takes to drinking, loses money in speculation; in the end the dam goes out before a flood, and on his already tortured conscience is thrust the burden of scores of innocent lives. If he stays, there is prison ahead not only for him and his accomplice but, as accessory before the fact, so the capitalist threatens, for his young wife. So with a sense of dramatic effect, which it is unfortunate he could not have applied to commercial ends early in his career, he goes over to the telephone, and in his wife's presence very deliberately calls the police and tells them to send a man to the house.

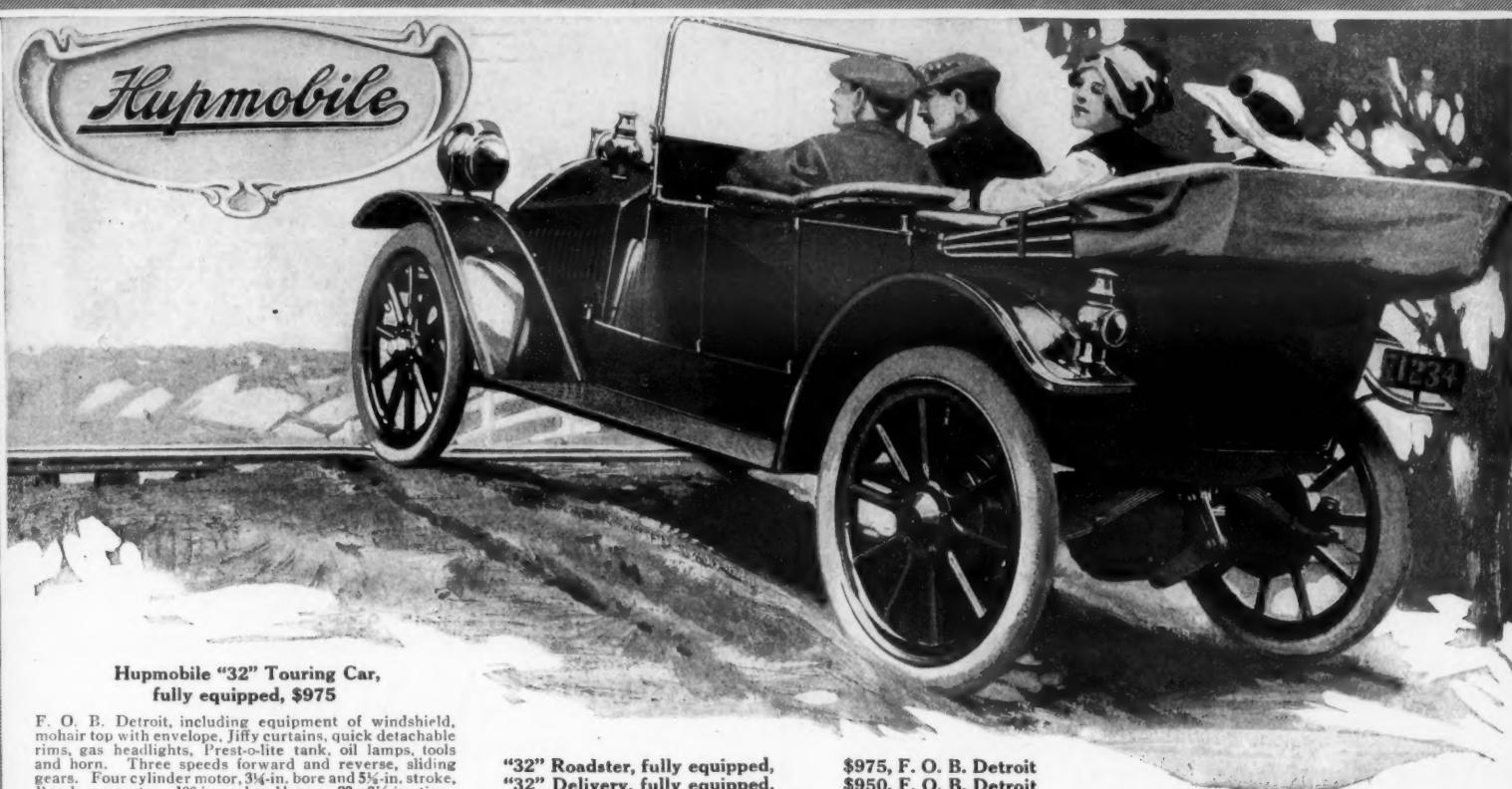
"It's a case of suicide," he says, snaps off the lights; there is a shot in the darkness, and to the pounding on the door from outside and the long quavering scream of the wife, the curtain slowly falls.

There, undoubtedly, is your "punch," delivered straight between the eyes, or, if you prefer, the ears. And people who enjoy the sensation will enjoy the play as many thousands have already done in Chicago. Of that urbane and penetrating quality, that distillation of human nature as distinguished from the swift journalistic treatment of a certain objective fact—the quality which "Milestones" exhibits in a mild but pleasant form—"Fine Feathers" is as innocent as the gong of a trolley car.

In "The Metropolitan" the other day "F. P. A." told a story to illustrate the difference between other places and New York. The man from the other place—Boston, perhaps—was accustomed, when he had been sleeping too little or smoking and drinking too much, to go to a drug store and tell his troubles to the soda-water clerk. That understanding soul would listen patiently and mix up aromatic spirits of ammonia or something of that sort. Finding himself in New York, and feeling a bit seedy, he went into a drug store and, describing his feelings, said: "What do I need?" "A ten-cent check," said the soda-water clerk.

It is in the atmosphere which produces such remarks, an atmosphere generated by the constant sight and sound and feel of enormous wealth, and the conviction, because there is nothing else in sight, that things that cost money are the only things there are, that "Fine Feathers" seems to have grown. This young woman is less a type than one more poor creature who needs

Hupmobile



Hupmobile "32" Touring Car,
fully equipped, \$975

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-in. bore and 5 1/2-in. stroke, Bosch magneto, 106-in. wheelbase, 32 x 3 1/2-in. tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, \$975, F. O. B. Detroit
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$950, F. O. B. Detroit
"20" H.P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$750, F. O. B. Detroit

Another important particular in which the Hupmobile rises above the 'common herd'

Great strength; little friction; silence

The illustration shows the Hupmobile rear axle—the full-floating type, which is almost wholly restricted to cars of the highest price.

The chief advantage of this type is that no load whatever is carried on the axle shafts. They do nothing but drive the wheels; and the axle housing, which is large and strong, carries the load.

The Hupmobile housing is built up of the two tapered steel tubes, 1, 1, the malleable iron central housings, 2 and 3; and the propeller shaft housing tube, 4.

These five pieces form a case so strong and rigid, so impervious to ordinary and extraordinary road shocks, that it does not require the support of either truss or reach rods.

The tubes 1, 1, carry the weight of the car, each wheel running on two sets of roller bearings, 13 and 14, of which the former takes the load, the latter taking care of the side strains produced in turning corners.

Thus, the axle shafts, 8, are free to do the driving, with flanges bolted to the wheels at 15.

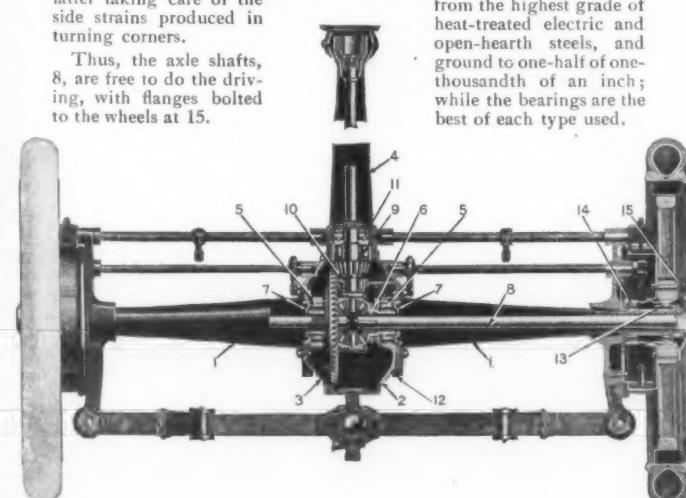
The large roller bearings, 5, 5, take only the up and down loads from the differential, the end thrust being taken by two ball bearings just outside the rollers. One of these is shown at 6.

In mounting the bevel driving pinion, we use two roller bearings, 9 and 10, instead of one, placing one on each side of the gear. They hold it in perfect and permanent alignment, while the ball bearing, 11, takes the end thrust.

An axle of the full-floating type will not be quiet and will develop friction and loss of power unless the gears "mesh" properly.

Two threaded adjusters, 7, 7, are used in our axle to set the gear so that proper mesh with the driving pinion is secured and retained.

The strength and accuracy of our construction are attested by the fact that the gears are cut from the highest grade of heat-treated electric and open-hearth steels, and ground to one-half of one-thousandth of an inch; while the bearings are the best of each type used.



In a previous announcement we made the strong statement that the Hupmobile "looms head and shoulders above the common herd of cars."

Herein is offered you another piece of evidence in support of our belief—the story of the design and construction of the Hupmobile rear axle.

As you know, the rear axle drives the car and carries most of the load. The shocks which it sustains, even under normal running, are enormous.

As the load, in the full floating type as used on the Hupmobile, is carried on the large tubing instead of on the small shaft, it

- (1) eliminates strain and re-action on the driving axle.
- (2) does away with side thrust in the wheel bearings.
- (3) lessens the shocks on the differential gears.

As a consequence you get the least waste of pulling power, easier riding, and longer life to the rear axle parts.

You will not find the counterpart of the Hupmobile rear axle in America.

You will find it in Europe, where manufacturers like Panhard & Levassor, leaders among the makers of high-priced cars, have adopted similar construction.

And so we repeat—

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Co. 1230 Milwaukee Ave. Detroit, Mich.



Your "Carbon Copy" In Cloth.

No matter how well you *think* you look in "manufactured" clothes, your longing for garments "tailored just for me" will not "down". That longing abides in the heart of every man. You'll never be *satisfied with yourself* until you wear merchant-tailored clothes—clothes that *translate your personality* into every fold of the fabric.

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26

New Plays in the West

(Concluded from page 24)

a vacation from New York. And one feels that Mr. Walter, with all his force and terseness and admirable willingness to be consistent even if he has to be unpleasant, is writing in the light of those greenish-yellow arc lamps which make night hideous on Broadway.

"THE MAN HIGHER UP"

"THE MAN HIGHER UP," written by Miss Edith Ellis from a novel of Mr. Henry Russell Miller, is a much less closely knit and finished piece than "Fine Feathers"; yet I am inclined to think that it gives more of that feeling of warmth and nourishment which one ought to get from a good book or play. One reason for this is that its authors are not so much intent on striking the knockout blow as in setting forth a conviction about life in general; they are interpreters rather than reporters.

The main story is that of a boss, a first-class political superman, who felt that the only thing worth while was power. He thought he didn't need friends; he avoided women lest any softness inter-

fer with his strength, and he regarded graft and bribery as a mere means to an end—the end of ruling the people because they didn't know enough to rule themselves.

This intransigent egoist is eventually brought to realize that there are other people in the world than himself—that he is a very trifling episode in the main story, that there is a force, a final justice—a Man Higher Up—which must be reckoned with. To say that this change of heart is brought about by a woman is not to say that it is the absurd "regeneration through love" often offered by the stage. Neither he nor the girl wear their hearts on their sleeves, and the broader outlook that comes to them comes also to some of the other people of the play. Superficially the piece is a political play of the "Man of the Hour" type, full of ward heelers with cigars in their faces, "big business" and reform, and the usual final curtain on election night. In its somewhat diffuse texture there is much that is commonplace, but the fine strong feeling at the bottom of it all cannot be denied.

A Mood

By THEODOSSIA GARRISON

TO-DAY there's singing on my lips
(And more if one should ask).
To-day I kiss my finger tips
And curtsy to my task.
My heart's a butterfly to-day,
The world a garden blows,
With every wind a roundelay
And every hour a rose.

My soul is vagabond to-day,
A gypsy on the grass,
Who dances by the King's highway
Where solemn coaches pass.
Angels of joy whom joy must please,
To-day my heart hath wings,
And 'neath your golden balconies
A mirth-mad Pierrot sings!

With the Ladies of the Circus

(Continued from page 21)

on. "Is it really nice from the front?" she asked wistfully.

"You can't guess!"

"You know I want to see how it looks, I want to see so bad!" she said. "I've never seen. I have to be just ready and then ride out quick and think hard about my act, and pay no attention to anything but what I'm to do."

FANCY it! Here in the star corner of the dressing tent I had come upon a little girl who had never really seen a circus. Billed as the World's Greatest, exploited from coast to coast—and instead of being blasé, bored with the very sight and sound and smell of the show, here she was just aching with a real little girl ache to sit in an ordinary seat, get sticky with crackajack, and feel palpitations over seeing the wonderful May Wirth dash past her retinue of mounted horsemen into the waiting ring.

"Never mind, dearie, we're going shopping in the morning," Mrs. Wirth offered by way of consolation to the little girl who had never seen May Wirth perform.

She seated her small daughter before a mirror and clapped a fluffy wig over the pinned-up braids. Finishing the hair, she began with the powder puff. She lifted one sturdy young arm to dust it over, and revealed a great brown bruise running from elbow to wrist.

"Um-um!" I said. "Doesn't it hurt?"

The little girl smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Not much now," she said

"It did yesterday. Put the powder on it thicker, mamma."

"A fall in the ring?" I asked.

"She slipped off yesterday," Mrs. Wirth said, lavishing powder on the big brown bruise. "She came over to me in the middle of the ring and she said: 'Mamma, I'm hurt.' When she says that I know she is. 'Too bad to go on?' I said, and she tightened up all over and she said: 'No, I can go on,' and she ran and jumped on by the time Maize got around again. But I tell you I like to be in the ring while she's riding."

Mrs. Wirth is the ringmaster of that act, in the guise of a powdered and knickerbockered gentleman. If anything happens to prevent her appearing, Miss Stella, the older sister, takes the part, for the little girl loses her nerve if she hasn't the moral support of a member of the family. This is a frequent weakness among even older performers, by the way; Miss Codona would rather be hung by her slack wire than pirouette upon it if her father and brother were not in charge at each end.

While Miss May was dressing, Miss Stella, through with her riding act, bent above a volume in the corner. Catch her thus, spectacled and earnest, and you might fancy that you had come upon a college maiden diligently cramming for an exam. There is a tenacity about her eyeglasses; in her tights and tarlatans they still cling to her until the very moment she enters the arena, as if to insist upon the fact that she is only incidentally



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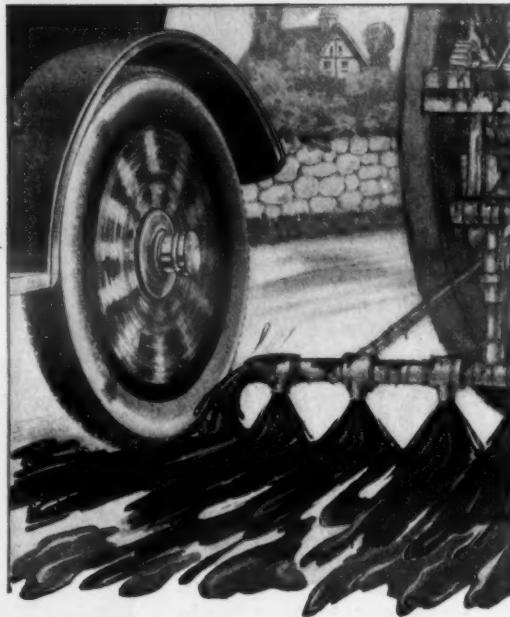
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With the Ladies of the Circus

(Concluded from page 26)

a Graceful Equestrienne, and is fundamentally a young highbrow. Back from the ring she snatches her book, and, still in tights and tarlatans and spectated once more, she flees to her corner and plunges her pretty nose into the volume. Approach and peep—the volume bears the name of Marie Corelli.

"Stella's been in boarding school and May had a tutor traveling with us. We couldn't afford to keep her out of the ring, she's always had so much talent," Mrs. Wirth explained. "She was a trapeze performer before she rode."

Miss May was crisscrossing the ankle ribbons of her pumps. "I liked the trapeze," she observed.

Her mother laughed. "It was like home to her. She cried to be put on it when the lions got loose."

"It was in Australia, in our own show," Mrs. Wirth related, putting on her own powdered wig while she talked. "There was an act where the lions were brought in different cages into the ring; then the lady tamer opened the door of one big cage for them all to go into for the act. She was a wonder, that tamer; there was something about her that the minute a lion got a look into her eye it began to growl and cower, as if it knew it had to mind and was mad about it. She worked for years without an accident, and then something went wrong on this day—she said afterward that her will felt tired that afternoon. Anyway, while the change was being made two of the animals got loose. She ran after them, but they ran like mad, and the audience began to jump up and run and try to hide, and poor May! She kept crying: 'Put me up in the trapeze, put me up, put me up!'

The little girl blushed under her rouge and laughed shamefacedly, this youngster to whom a sky-high trapeze is like a tree to a frightened kitten.

MISS STELLA suddenly burst into giggles of reminiscence. "And remember how frightened the lions were when they got into the street? More than the people in the town. When they came to a coop of chickens they were nearly paralyzed, they were so scared."

"Yes, that was how we got 'em," said Mrs. Wirth. "The chickens frightened 'em so that when they saw the cage (we sent it to follow them) they ran into it thankfully."

"But that old Thor looked mad!" commented Miss May.

Droll reminiscences, these, for little schoolgirls. They might have continued, but for the entrance of the Strong Lady, Mrs. Sandwina, back from her act.

"Well, Little Girl!" burst a chorus of greeting. Thus is the giantess familiarly and facetiously addressed. "Did you work hard to-day? Let's see your face."

The Amazon blushingly hid it. "Pretty hard," she said.

"No, let's see!" Mrs. Wirth seized the chin and turned the countenance of the Herculean Venus into a full light. "Not drippy a bit! Shame!" she teased, and the Venus protested. "I will work harder to-night," she laughed.

"We plague her," Mrs. Wirth explained. "Sometimes she comes back dripping with perspiration, she's done such wonders. Other times she works easy and she looks like this—not tired a bit. We're all that way—we can go through our act easy if we're lazy, or hard if we're not."

A huge little boy, a sort of three-year-old Herculean Cupid, met the Venus on her return. He is Theodore Sandwina, never absent from the maternal side save when she is in the ring, during which time he performs the not too popular feat of scooping handfuls of earth and seeing them dissolve in the pails of bathing water.

"Theodore!" his parent burst forth, catching the finish of the act in one swift glance. "Theodore! You bad! Coom here!"

With a seizure she had him, and his face squared itself into the form of a panic-stricken howl, and I saw her right hand about to descend. Trembling, transfixed to the spot, struggling to avert my eyes from the awful doom of Theodore, I stood, and they remained glued to the frightful scene. When lo, a ray of light shot across her face, a good-humored, lazy smile; the hand dropped at her side, and: "Well, nex' time I spanck you, you Theodore!" was all that happened.

"But she does spank him a lot," somebody whispered, and the thought of being spanked by a Herculean Venus, by that hand of terrifying might, so unmanned

me that it was with difficulty I continued my interview. Further chat, however, so convinced me of Mrs. Sandwina's essential kindliness of nature and of Theodore's fundamental virtue, despite the fact that boys will be boys, that I went away reassured, believing that the relation is on the whole as happy as between a fond and good-humored lioness and her frolicking cub.

"I don't like to be beeg," the Venus said, not without pathos, as I admired her bared shoulders. "Strong—yes; dat iss money; but beeg I don't like."

AND in fact the boulders of muscles which most strong folk display are marvelously lacking in this softly rounded form. Where she hides them one hardly knows. The biceps show full and hard; I felt of them gingerly, felt the arm draw up, crunching fairly, upon my hand; but otherwise it might be as softly powerless a body as that of any idle Eve in Eden's garden.

I looked at the white, firm limbs, the flawless wholesomeness of the skin, the clear eye. "And your diet?" I wondered.

Mrs. Sandwina nodded wisely. "Not in de cook tent," she said. "I carry my machine" (I discovered that this meant an alcohol stove) "and I cook in de car, strong food. It iss not strong in de cook tent."

"Two meals a day or three?" I inquired.

"Four," she admitted with coyness.

She laid much stress upon her need of "strong food," and I made out that "nourishing" or "strength-producing" is her meaning. Milk, eggs must be plentiful, and the best; fresh vegetables she wants, and not much meat. "An' I like to cook—it iss de woman job," she added. Apparently the dread of becoming masculine through her certainly not effeminate performance haunts the Amazon; when a suffrage discussion brought out the fact that most of the circus women are converts, the giantess declared that her only objection was her fear that it "mek de woman like de man—dat iss not goot!" "No," echoed a rider in all seriousness, "woman's place is in the home."

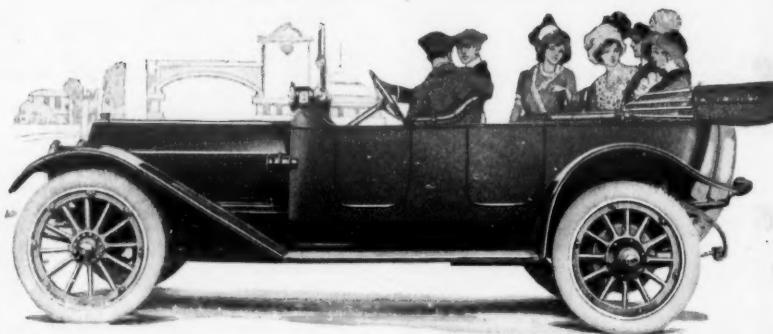
And there's more in this than seems. Inside the lid of most of the dresser trunks you find photographs of the baby at home with its grandmother, of the boy in a military academy, of the girl in a seminary. Gypsies these people are, but oddly domestic gypsies; husband and wife wander together, and always there's the talk of the winter when they can return to the youngsters. They all look forward to some day returning home for good and all, retiring on the money earned and hoarded while risking one's neck twice a day for all of one's young and some of one's middle years.

They were starting South when I said a sorry good-by to them. The cook tent, with its long, tidy tables, gay in red and white cloths, green benches flanking them, was a-clatter with dishes, a-hum with the chatter of riders, acrobats, and aerial p'fo'mers. I took a last lingering look; the plump Bride was dimpling above her soup, the Mexican beauty was a pantomime of animated Spanish gestures as she talked of the dangers of her slack wire, a very stout athlete was assuring her neighbor that she never had had what you call one of them ferocious appetites—she was always daintylike—old Mrs. Talbot was sandwiching reminiscences of the immortal Barnum between ham and eggs, the Baby of the Circus was cooing herself to sleep under the roof of her canvas home. The open road shone ahead. One performance more and the march would begin. Far beyond the royal Bengal tiger rent the air with his Ou-ou-ou! "He always does that louder when we're gettin' ready to move. He knows," said a rider.

HE knew. I chanced that way next morning—an empty waste, where a few hours before the Big Top had loomed with its brood of smaller tops about it. The joyful noises—bands, children, speliers, wild animals—were stilled. Only a lonely wilderness of tanbark and hay, of crackajack and chewing-gum wrappers, of peanut shells remained.

I turned away. For weeks I had known them, these glittering, fun-loving, reckless gypsies, and to know them—well, it is to turn away from the deserted waste of peanut shells and chewing-gum wrappers and to search in guilty secrecy for one's all-lined-warranted hemstitched initial handkerchief.

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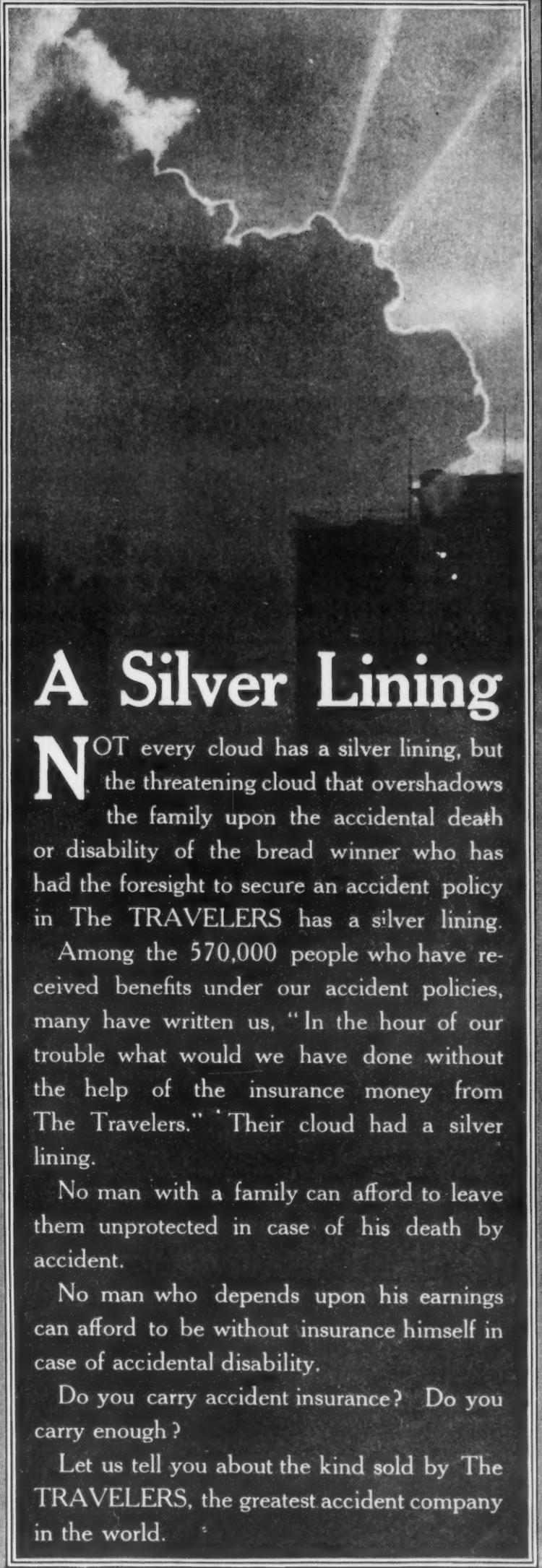
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Country Clubs of Broadway

(Concluded from page 12)

yet they say this man Waller can play Hamlet!"

"I played with Keene, too," piped the little old man.

"Arthur, thou art a merry liar!" said the gaunt old man.

"Sure, I played Malvolio in 'Twelfth Night'!"

"You were never out of vaudeville in your life!" thundered the tall one.

"I can prove it!"

"Would you favor us with a few lines from Malvolio's part?" drawled the tall one.

"They're great pals—always fighting!" said Larry aside.

The little man scratched his bald top and began:

"How blest am I

*In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alas, for smaller wisdom—*"

"Humbug!" snarled the tall one. "Those are Leontes' lines from 'Winter's Tale'—and mostly wrong at that. As to Malvolio, hark ye!"

"I marvel your ladyship takes delight in so barren a rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone."

The old man spoke well, though toothless, and looked hard at his little friend.

"Bully!" I cried. "You win!"

"I thank you!" said the old man, bowing right and left as if to vast throngs.

Suddenly he turned upon me an ingratiating smile. "Old chap," he remarked, "since you admire my performance, would you mind loaning me two dollars for about two hundred years?"

I handed over the forfeit. He pressed the bank note reverently to his lips before folding it into his pocket.

"Good-by, two dollars!" he said tragically. "Ere the morn thou shalt be ashes, like the rest!"

The two old men stumped away down Eighth Avenue.

"They wanted to put Pop in the Actor's Home, but he's the drifting kind," said Larry. "And an experienced drifter, too. Of course, his friend wouldn't go unless Pop did, so there they are. There's a funny thing about the little one. He carries seventy dollars sewed inside his undershirt, so when he dies he'll be given decent burial."

"Is he safe with the money in this sort of hang out?" I asked.

"Pretty safe. The other night two plugs—the sort of birds you see floating around here—started to follow the old man away. It was about one o'clock in the morning. Karl, the barkeep, knew what they were after, and they knew he knew. Karl pulled off his apron and followed 'em to a dark alley, where he cornered 'em and gave 'em the White Hope medicine right there and then. And now it's pretty well understood that if anything happens to the old man someone's got to answer to Karl."

I glanced across the bar and saw the young German, blond, flat-faced, unimaginative, filling eleven glasses at once and spinning them along the polished wood with marvelous accuracy.

"Karl's a pretty good boy," said Larry as we paid our score and strolled away from that Outland Country Club.

The Shifted Burden

(Concluded from page 19)

Mona shut down the lid of her tin make-up box. The next town, and the next town, and the next! It came upon her with a rush—a sickened shrinking, an unchildlike apprehension of the future. She grit her teeth, flung back her curls, and, kicking off her dancing slippers, thrust her feet into her street shoes.

"Mona"—from the other side of the room her mother's voice sounded tremulous, uncertain—"you were telling the truth, weren't you, when you said you liked to dance? You don't want to go to school, do you, and be like other little girls, and wear plain gingham dresses, and stay in one city all the time, and never live in hotels, and never have people notice you, and never earn any money?"

Mona began to button her shoes. "We couldn't live if I didn't earn any money," she said evenly.

"Well," hesitating, "we could—live. You

know what Miss Hoover said about taking me back any time."

"That's so," Mona brightened. "And, mamma, you could get more money from her than you used to by kind of using me as an advertisement."

"Y—es. I suppose I could. We'd have to live in rooms or get an apartment."

"Get an apartment!" Mona jumped to her feet. "Get an apartment, and be a home person, and have a kitchen, and give parties, and—" Suddenly catching sight of the martyred expression of her mother's face, Mona's words trailed off, and there fell over her own face the strange, cold mask worn by a child weighed down by a shifted burden.

Her joy evaporated. She gave a shrug, half scornful, half dogmatic. "Oh, I guess I like to dance best," she said; and, seating herself, went on buttoning her shoes.

Playthings

(Continued from page 17)

found it a little difficult to restrain her real feelings.

"I should think to travel like that in a yacht," she exclaimed, "would be perfectly wonderful. But if it makes you so miserable why do you go?"

"Why do I go!" he repeated with a sudden burst of violent indignation. "Why do I go! Because I'm not a free agent. Because I have a father and a lot of friends who insist on meddling with my personal affairs. When I do what they want me to do they let me alone and give me plenty of money to do it with, but when I don't do what they want my father threatens to disinherit me and sends me on a foolish wireless yacht to a foolish toy sea and tells me to lie out on a wicker chair and think it over. I'll think it over, all right. Would you believe it, my own father told me that women at my age should be treated by boys as playthings. Think of it! Think of my treating you, for instance, or—Elsa Esmond as playthings. D—my father—excuse me, Miss Kemble—but d—lim."

"Why, Mr. Austin," Maggie exclaimed, "don't you love your father?"

"I do," Peter snapped, "and that's just why I'm going on this trip. But I don't see why I should annoy you with my troubles. Forgive me and tell me how to frame this photograph. Use your best judgment, please, because it's the one thing I'm sure that I am to take on my travels

with me. I'm going to hang it up in my stateroom, and I'll look at it longer and more often than I do at any old Mediterranean Sea. Just see what she's written on the photograph and then you'll understand."

Maggie looked as she was bid, and the inscription was: "To Peter from Elsa, with all of her love always."

And then Maggie insisted on talking about the frame, and it so happened that when the moment had come when they must say good-by, Peter's mood had undergone another change, almost lightning in its swiftness—a change which showed him to much greater advantage, and one which was in all ways more worthy of a fairy prince.

He held out both his hands and took one of Maggie's in them, and in the sincerity of his momentary feelings of regret at the parting squeezed her fingers until she could have cried out for the pain.

"Good-by, Maggie," he said, "and thank you much for all of your interest and for all of your sympathy. Because even if you haven't said a great deal, I know I—I mean I knew we had your sympathy from the very start."

It was the first time that he had ever called her Maggie, and the girl was just a little surprised and confused even if in her heart she was much pleased.

"Good-by, Mr. Austin," she said at last, "and good luck to you."

Joys of a jimmy pipe

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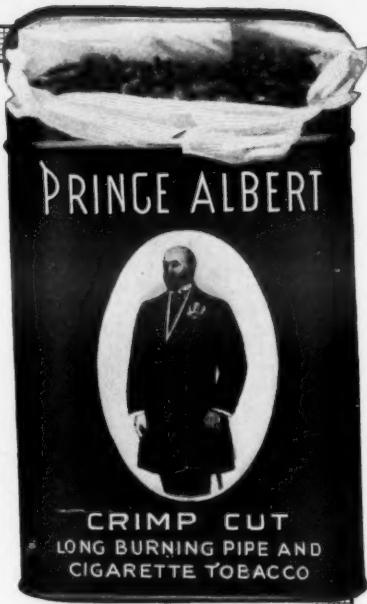
Pass this along: Roll a cigarette with P. A. if you'd like to know what's good for what ails you. Old-fashioned dust-brands will be only a memory *dating from the minute you fire up!*

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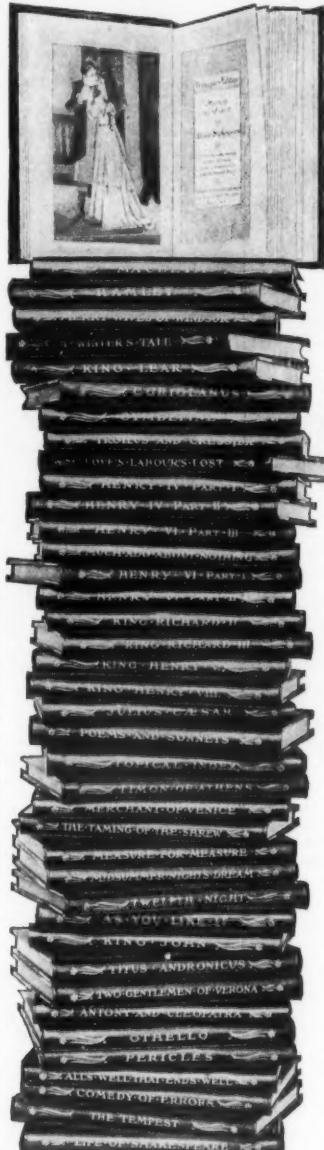
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Playthings

(Continued from page 30)

"Not good luck, Mr. Austin," he urged, still holding tightly to her aching hand. "Say good-by, Peter. Remember, it's for a long, long time, Maggie."

The girl turned up her eyes to him and gazed evenly into his own, and in them Peter saw a look of wonderful happiness and a depth of feeling of which he would never heretofore have believed her capable.

"Good-by," she whispered, "good-by, Peter."

A great intervals during the ensuing months Maggie received several picture postal cards from Peter. There was one of the Esplanade at Nice and another of the Casino at Monte Carlo, and another of the pigeons feeding at the Piazza in Venice. A little later came one from the Paris boulevards, and the last was of the lions guarding Trafalgar Square. And then one afternoon, late in June, came Peter himself. He swung in through the door of the little shop looking better and more the Greek god than Maggie had ever seen him before. His skin was tanned the color of bronze, his eyes fairly glistened with health and happiness, and in all ways he looked as fit as a young man with not a care or a want in the whole world well could look.

"A gift for you, Maggie," he cried, "a gift from la bella Napoli."

She opened the case that he gave her, and when she saw the coral necklace with the golden clasp, her eyes shone and glistened as only a young girl's eyes can shine and glisten at the first bit of jewelry she has ever owned. She held out her free hand and he took it and touched the tips of her fingers with his lips.

"Thank you, Peter," she whispered. "I'm so glad you remembered me."

And then for a moment there was silence between them. It was the girl who first found herself, and with a smile and a funny little shrug of her shoulders she glanced at the package he had laid on the counter.

"Another photograph of Elsa," she laughed; "the old times have come again."

Even through the heavy tan she could see the blood rush to his face, and she watched him curiously as his hands fumbled with the knot of the string about the package.

"No," he said; "no, it's not Elsa—it's of another friend."

He handed her the picture in silence, and in silence Maggie looked at it and put it back on the counter. It was an intimate photograph of a girl dressed in a very filmy shirt waist and a duck skirt, and she was leaning against the rail of a yacht. She was hatless, and the wind was blowing wisps of golden hair across her fine, clear-cut, beautiful face, and her lips were parted, and in a half-amused, half-annoyed smile at the man who was taking the photograph.

"That is a picture," said Peter, "of Miss Helen Hamilton, a girl who was with us on the cruise. Frame it any way you like, but make it as simple as the photograph, won't you?"

Maggie picked up the picture again, and for a minute gazed into the eyes of the girl for the look of kindness and sympathy she wanted to see there, but, failing to find it, she put the photograph back on the counter. From that moment it rose between them as a barrier which both of them knew neither could ever overcome.

Peter started to go, but as he reached the door he stopped and, turning, faced Maggie again.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that you have heard anything of Miss Esmond?"

MAGGIE'S lips broke into the semblance of a smile, and she shook her head.

"Of course not," Peter said; "you wouldn't be by way of hearing of her, I know. It seems she left the boarding house some time ago where she used to live, and they tell me she is no longer at the theatre where she was playing."

"No," said Maggie, still forcing a smile to her lips. "I'm sorry. She seemed to be getting on so well."

Peter fumbled with the door knob and then slowly opened the door.

"Yes," he said, "as you say, she was getting on so well. I've done my best to find her. Good night, Maggie, good night to you."

It was perhaps half an hour later when the jangling of the door bell brought Maggie back from her dreams, and she rose quickly from her chair to find a girl whom she

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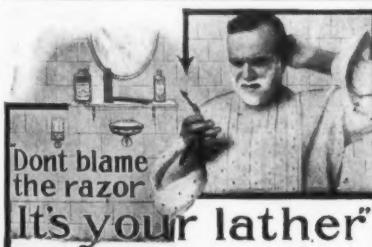
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Playthings

(Continued from page 32)

had never seen before standing in front of the counter. But while Maggie was quite sure the girl was a stranger to her, there was something in the young woman's face, especially in the eyes, that seemed curiously familiar to her. She was dressed quite poorly in a short tweed skirt, which Maggie noticed was much worn and frayed, a simple shirt waist, and over a mass of yellow curls she wore a broad black sailor hat. In her drawn face there were undeniable traces of beauty, but there was no color now in her cheeks, and her big blue eyes seemed lifeless, and under the eyes there were heavy gray shadows.

WHEN she saw Maggie she seemed relieved to find that it was a girl and not a man with whom she was to transact her business. Still wondering where she had seen the stranger's face before, Maggie greeted her with even more than her accustomed cheerfulness. In Maggie's manner the girl seemed to find courage, and, taking a small photograph from her pocket, she laid it on the counter. When she spoke it was in a low, pleasant voice, but even in her voice she showed how very tired and ill she was.

"I want very much," she said, "to have this framed in a little gilt frame—that is—that is, if it doesn't cost too much. How much do you think it would cost?"

Maggie picked up the picture, glanced at the face and the inscription, put it back on the counter, and then reaching for her rule mechanically began to measure it for the frame. The one glance had shown her that it was a picture of Peter, dressed in polo clothes, sitting astride a white pony, smiling and looking very strong and very handsome. And on the photograph he had written: "Elsa—I love you. Peter."

"You see, being so small a picture," Maggie said, "it wouldn't cost much. I could let you have a very pretty gilt frame for a quarter."

"But that seems so very cheap," the girl said. "I was afraid it would be much dearer than that. Are you sure it will be a nice frame?"

Maggie smiled her most reassuring smile and nodded her head.

"Don't you worry, please," she said. "I'll promise you that it will be the prettiest frame that ever went out of this shop. Where shall I bring it when it's finished?"

"It's not far," the girl explained. "Just at Mrs. Helling's boarding house on West Fourteenth Street, but it doesn't seem right to make you come even there for such a little thing."

"I know Mrs. Helling's well," Maggie declared; "we used to have an artist customer there. I'll bring it around to-morrow at six—that is, if you'll be in then. You see, I want to be sure you like the frame."

"Thank you," the girl said; "you've been very kind. And you'll be careful of the photograph, won't you? You see, it's the only one I've got."

When the door had closed behind Elsa, Maggie picked up the photograph, and a long time after, old Kemble coming into the shop, found his daughter still looking at the little picture, which she held tightly between her hands.

IT was very hot the following evening when Maggie left the shop to carry the picture with its pretty gilt frame back to Elsa. In consequence she was walking quite slowly, and as she passed the news stand at the corner of Fourteenth Street she glanced at the row of evening papers. Suddenly she came to a full stop, for on the front page of one of them she recognized a portrait of Peter Austin. She bought a copy of the paper and, walking slowly on, opened it to its full width. Across the page were the pictures of Peter and Helen Hamilton framed in large twin hearts, and above them, in screaming headlines, the announcement of the engagement of these "two young members of two of New York's richest and oldest families."

She tossed the paper into the gutter, and instinctively her fingers closed tightly about the framed photograph that she was carrying to Elsa. "I wonder if she knows," she mumbled to herself over and over again, as she walked slowly on her way; "I wonder if she knows."

At the boarding house Maggie found Mrs. Helling and her guests sitting on the brownstone steps, the men collarless and coatless, the women in cheap wrappers and kimonos, all fanning themselves vio-

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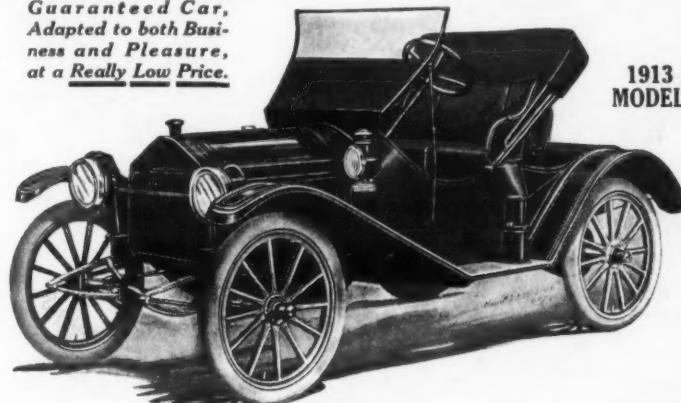
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Playthings

(Concluded from page 33)

lently and fairly panting from the hot, close atmosphere.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" Maggie asked, and Mrs. Helling nodded toward the open front door.

"She is," said the boarding-house keeper. "Go right up. It's the top floor back."

EXHAUSTED with the heat and greatly depressed, Maggie slowly climbed the four long flights of stairs. The odors from the stuffy hallways of the old building and the smells of cooking food from the kitchen almost stifled her, and when she had reached the last landing she stopped for a moment to catch her breath. And then there suddenly came to her another odor—worse than all the rest—the odor of escaping gas. Instinctively she seemed to understand, and with a few long bounds she was before Elsa's room, and with all her puny strength was throwing her frail body impotently against the locked door.

It was in answer to Maggie's cries for help that Mrs. Helling's men boarders came leaping up the four flights of stairs, and before the strength of their broad shoulders the lock of Elsa's door was torn away and the door crashed back on its hinges. One of the men made a dash through the stifling, gas-ridden room and threw up the window. A few moments later the place seemed to overflow with kindly, loving women working with all their strength to bring Elsa Esmond back to life. For half an hour Maggie waited outside on the landing until both the doctor from the neighborhood and Mrs. Helling had assured her that the danger was over and that Elsa would surely be well again.

Through the hot, dusty streets Maggie walked to the shop, and once there went back to her father's workroom, where she had the longest and most serious talk she had ever had with him. But when it was all over they were both smiling and as happy as two children. And then Maggie told her father that she must visit a neighbor, and, putting on her hat again, she hurried as fast as she could to the big house on Fifth Avenue where Peter Austin lived. The proud butler, being at Newport, did not come to the door, but in his place a white-capped maid, who was much more gracious, and politely showed Maggie into the drawing-room. It was a very bare, cheerless room now, as the rugs and the curtains had been taken away, and in the dim light the heavy pieces of furniture and the big pictures looked abnormally large and ghostlike in their white summer covers.

MAGGIE heard Peter's footsteps hurrying down the stairs, and she was not a little surprised to find that the thought of his coming left her quite calm and without any signs of emotion whatever. They greeted each other formally, and then Peter took his stand before the big empty fireplace and clasped his hands behind him. It was the first time Maggie had ever seen him in his evening clothes, and with a half-amused smile she thought how more nearly the fairy prince he looked than ever before.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

But Maggie shook her head and remained standing, her hands resting easily on the back of a big armchair. A single light from the chandelier fell full on her

delicate face, and Peter noticed how very flushed and excited she looked.

"There's nothing wrong?" he asked.

For a moment Maggie hesitated while she slowly ran her fingers over the linen cover of the chair behind which she stood.

"No," she said at last, "not exactly. I came to tell you that I had found Elsa."

"Elsa," he repeated. "Elsa Esmond! Where?"

"In Mrs. Helling's boarding house on West Fourteenth Street."

Peter's manner had suddenly become very tense and eager.

"I'm so glad," he whispered. "I'm so glad. Now I can go to see her."

"No," Maggie said, "you can't go to see her. She's very ill and very tired of—of everything."

Peter threw back his head and closed his eyes as if Maggie had suddenly struck him a sharp blow in the face. Then he opened them again and looked eagerly into her big brown eyes as if for some sign of sympathy or pity, and, finding none, lowered them to the floor at his feet. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills.

"Perhaps, at least," he said, "I might be of some little help to her now that she is in trouble."

EVEN Maggie herself was surprised at her own voice—it was so calm and unafraid. "I think you had better put away your money," she said. "Girls aren't rag dolls or mechanical toys and you can't mend their hearts with just money. Besides, I had a talk with my father a little while ago and he says that I can bring Elsa over to-morrow to our place to live with us—that is, until she gets back her health and is able to go on with her work. And a little while from now, when the town gets too hot, he has promised to send us both into the country. Don't you think that will be pleasant—to play about in the fields with Elsa and try to make her laugh and see the color come back to her cheeks and the light creep into her pretty blue eyes again? I think that will be great fun, don't you, Mr. Austin?"

"Yes," Peter said, "I think that will be great fun. I envy you."

Maggie started to move slowly toward the door, but before she had reached it turned back again to Peter.

"I thought you would," she said; "that is why I came; I felt somehow that I owed you that much. Because I don't think that you're really bad—just weak and easily led and selfish from having had everything you wanted all of your life. But in spite of this I was sure that there would come moments when you would be glad to know that Elsa was among friends and not stranded and alone in some poor boarding house."

He followed her to the door, and with a certain awkwardness, which was most unusual in Peter, put out his hand.

"Good-by, Maggie," he said, "and I thank you."

Maggie turned, and for a brief moment allowed her hand to lie listlessly in his. From under her feathered lashes she looked up into Peter's eager eyes, and her pretty lips wavered into a smile of what she intended for splendid superiority. But knowing that it was for the last time that they would ever meet, she whispered:

"Good-by, Peter—good-by, fairy prince."



Doctor: "I take great pleasure in informing you, sir, that while your case is absolutely hopeless, I shall look back upon it as the most interesting in my experience."

Woodrow Wilson's Message to the American People

Sea Girt, N. J., Oct. 19, 1912.

To the Voters of America:

I am glad to have an opportunity to state very simply and directly why I am seeking to be elected President of the United States. I feel very deeply that this is not an ambition a man should entertain for his own sake. He must seek to serve a cause, and must know very clearly what cause it is he is seeking to serve. The cause I am enlisted in lies very plainly to my own view: The government of the United States, as now bound by the policies which have become characteristic of Republican administration in recent years, is not free to serve the whole people impartially, and it ought to be set free. It has been tied up, whether deliberately or merely by unintentional development, with particular interests, which have used their power, both to control the government and to control the industrial development of the country. It must be freed from such entanglements and alliances. Until it is freed, it cannot serve the people as a whole. Until it is freed, it cannot undertake any programme of social and economic betterment, but must be checked and thwarted at every turn by its patrons and masters.

In practically every speech that I make, I put at the front of what I have to say the question of the tariff and the question of the trusts, but not because of any thought of party strategy, because I believe the solution of these questions to lie at the very heart of the bigger question, whether the government shall be free or not. The government is not free because it has granted special favors to particular classes by means of the tariff. The men to whom these special favors have been granted have formed great combinations by which to control enterprise and determine the prices of commodities. They could not have done this had it not been for the tariff. No party, therefore, which does not propose to take away these special favors and prevent monopoly absolutely in the markets of the country sees even so much as the most elementary part of the method by which the government is to be set free.

The control to which tariff legislation has led, both in the field of politics and in the field of business, is what has produced the most odious feature of our present political situation, namely, the absolute domination of powerful bosses. Bosses cannot exist without business alliances. With them politics is hardly distinguishable from business. Bosses maintain their control because they are allied with men who wish their assistance in order to get contracts, in order to obtain special legislative advantages, in order to prevent reforms which will interfere with monopoly or with their enjoyment of special exemptions. Merely as political leaders, not backed by money, not supported by securely intrenched special interests, bosses would be entirely manageable and comparatively powerless. By freeing the government, therefore, we at the same time break the power of the boss. He trades, he does not govern. He arranges, he does not lead. He sets the stage for what the people are to do; he does not act as their agent or servant, but as their director. For him the real business of politics is done under cover.

The same means that will set the government free from the influences which now constantly control it

would set industry free. The enterprise and initiative of all Americans would be substituted for the enterprise and initiative of a small group of them. Economic democracy would take the place of monopoly and selfish management. American industry would have a new buoyancy of hope, a new energy, a new variety. With the restoration of freedom would come the restoration of opportunity.

Moreover, an administration would at last be set up in Washington, and a legislative regime, under which real programmes of social betterment could be undertaken as they cannot now. The government might be serviceable for many things. It might assist in a hundred ways to safeguard the lives and the health and promote the comfort and the happiness of the people; but it can do these things only if its actions be disinterested, only if they respond to public opinion, only if those who lead government see the country as a whole, feel a deep thrill of intimate sympathy with every class and every interest in it, know how to hold an even hand and listen to men of every sort and quality and origin, in taking counsel what is to be done. Interest must not fight against interest. There must be a common understanding and a free action all together.

The reason that I feel justified in appealing to the voters of this country to support the Democratic party at this critical juncture in its affairs is that the leaders of neither of the other parties propose to attack the problem of a free government at its heart. Neither proposes to make a fundamental change in the policy of the government with regard to tariff duties. It is with both of them in respect of the tariff merely a question of more or less, merely a question of lopping off a little here and amending a little there; while with the Democrats it is a question of principle. Their object is to cut every special favor out, and cut it out just as fast as it can be cut out without upsetting the business processes of the country. Neither does either of the other parties propose seriously to disturb the supremacy of the trusts. Their only remedy is to accept the trusts and regulate them, notwithstanding the fact that most of the trusts are so constructed as to insure high prices, because they are not based upon efficiency but upon monopoly. Their success lies in control. The competition of more efficient competitors, not loaded down by the debts created when the combinations were made, would embarrass and conquer them. The Trusts want the protection of the government, and are likely to get it if either the Republican or the so-called "Progressive" party prevails.

Surely this is a cause. Surely the questions of pending election, looked at from this point of view, rise into a cause. They are not merely the debates of casual party contest. They are the issues of life and death to a nation which must be free in order to be strong. What will patriotic men do?



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